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SPLENDID SPAIN

BY EDITH EMERSON

The author of this article, Miss Edith Emerson and her friend, Miss Violet Oakley, spent a few weeks in Spain last summer. Their impressions were graphically set forth in a series of sketches in black and white and water colors shown in the late autumn in the Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington. But there was much which could not be pictured by pencil or brush, and at our request Miss Emerson kindly wrote out, while the memory was still vivid, this charming account of two artists' journeyings, which will permit our readers not only to join with them in the adventure of seeing for the first time "Splendid Spain," but give them the privilege of seeing it through their eyes—the eyes of two sensitive, trained and accomplished artists.

THE EDITOR.

THE PRECIPITOUS tawny coast of Spain stood sharply outlined before us, clarifying all the vague imaginations which had hitherto flowed through our American minds whenever we thought of the country from which Columbus sailed. The steep streets and variegated throngs of Tangier were behind us, and Jibel-Musa lifted its magnificent head, as if to hurl defiance across the straits at the other pillar of Hercules, Jibel-Tarik, better known as Gibraltar. The fiery blue sea attacked the gold and amethyst rocks which had resisted it so long, and tossed our packet-boat about like a cockle-shell. As the glory of the day disappeared, we landed at Algeçiras and that night saw Gibraltar across the water, a double constellation twinkling brilliantly in the pure clear air.

We had been for a month in Morocco, lost in admiration of its uncivilized beauties, for civilization has unfortunately come to mean industrious ugliness. In Tangier there are no street cars, and few automobiles. You ride horses or donkeys. The Arabs and the negroes are tall, and walk with a fine, free stride, their kaftans and jellabs falling into beautiful folds as they move.

You see profiles which recall the poetic delicacy of Persian miniatures, deep-socketed eyes burning with prophetic fire, or proud physiognomies suggesting the eagle and the lion. Once I was introduced to a distinguished Moorish judge, who, robed in immaculate white, and standing in a garden where thousands of calla lilies were in bloom, looked more as Jesus Christ might have looked than any man I have ever seen. They are a handsome race, these children of the sun.

One can detect the beautifying Moorish blood in many Spaniards, but some are deformed and weather-battered. Rugged faces seen from train windows fitted well their backgrounds of scarred volcanic rock. Twisted, pathetic old people resembled the incredibly gnarled cork and olive trees. Among the humbler citizens walked jaunty gendarmes, heavily armed, flourishing long capes. Their shiny black turned-up hats and black mustachios gave them a theatrical, piratical air, and we felt that we had come to a country where anything might happen.

The first city we visited was Ronda—Fidelis et Fortis. The motto describes it well, and we gladly would have stayed for

months. Nothing could be more paintable than its sturdy stone houses, with their handsome iron-grilled windows, and heavy, nail-studded doors. One sees black-shawled figures silhouetted against brilliant white-washed walls, and patient donkeys in gayly embroidered harness looking out beguilingly through their long fringy eyelashes. Flocks of goats climb the rocky paths, their bells making sweet music as they approach and depart.

Ronda is built on a huge rock, violently split apart by a great gorge. This truly awful abyss is spanned by three stone bridges, the Roman, the Moorish, and the Spanish—the last a triumph of architectural engineering. We shivered as we gazed into the depths and heard that the only man who had ever fallen off the bridge was the man who built it.

The steep paths leading to the valley are not for tenderfeet or giddy heads, but healthy and adventurous spirits will be greatly exhilarated by the descent through orchards of olives and prickly-pears to the fertile gardens at the foot of the cliffs, and the stiff climb up again past the roaring waterfalls and the ancient Moorish fortifications. How like falcons we felt as we looked down on the charming pattern of field and garden below, and across at the amphitheatre of purple mountains. As one man said "In Spain I always feel like jumping over the moon!"

Very young children skip sure-footedly upon the dizzy heights, for they are brought up in houses that cling like swallows' nests to the sides of the gorge and know no fear. One day as we walked by, sketching outfits slung-on-shoulder, a lovely dark-eyed girl smiled at us from behind a barred window and beckoned us to come in. No one could resist that smile, and we entered the moment she opened the ponderous black door, following her down a red-tiled incline to a lower court, where beasts might wait for their burdens. The courteous olive-skinned Anita explained that it was a very ancient Moorish house, and that artists were sure to be interested. She led us down another flight to an arched pink door which led to the garden—and what a garden! Three narrow shelves of rock had been walled, and in the few inches of soil thus redeemed grew luxuriant roses and violets. The house walls towered above, and far, far below ran

the torrent. Great buttresses of rock sprouted fantastic trees which leaned out over the vacuum. Here we could paint in peace, unharassed by the inevitable crowd of little boys that spring up like dragon's teeth wherever, in the whole wide world, an artist decides to work. Spanish little boys are no worse than other little boys. In fact I think they are the same little boys I have heard sniffing, munching, coughing, questioning, teasing, clowning, screaming and scuffling in every other country. Artists should not complain of lack of public appreciation. They have only to work in public, to command a large and intensely curious audience.

Someone at the Hotel Reina Victoria recommended a motor drive to Grazalema as a charming afternoon's occupation, so we hired a rather dilapidated Ford and set out. Every turn of the road made us gasp with delight, and when we finally caught sight of the little town clinging to the feet of the Peñon and San Cristóbal, we were fairly electrified by the noble and romantic grandeur of its situation. The sun directly over the great grey and orange rocks poured down glory, and every stone reflected it back. Overwhelmed and dazzled by the supreme beauty of the whole, we could scarcely disentangle the component parts, but presently we saw the red-tiled roofs, the cobbled streets, clean-washed by mountain torrents, the vigorous architecture, and the little boys, who rapidly formed an escort. We had only one frantic hour in which to attempt to fix some impressions in our sketch books, and with what regret we returned to the car! We started with a flourish, but in a moment that blessed little Ford broke down! The chauffeur struggled unavailingly for an hour and a half, and, although a gendarme assured us that we would be perfectly safe if we spent the night there, protected by a little wayside shrine of the Virgin, and although the chauffeur said that when the cars failed to return by nine o'clock a search party was always sent out, we decided to return to an adorable little inn, the Fonda Dorado, with a large lemon tree in the patio, which we had seen during our walk.

The innkeeper, Don Antonio Saborido, often guides mountain climbers up San Cristóbal, and though he spoke no English,



THE SPANISH MANTILLA, MADRID

VIOLET OAKLEY

and most of our Spanish had been left behind in a phrase-book, his manners were so perfect, and his gestures so expressive, that we understood each other well. His sympathetic Señora provided a seven-course dinner, deliciously cooked, and afterwards we sat around the big valanced table which covered a burning charcoal brazier, in the company of the mayor, his wife, and the village priest, listening to a victrola.

The hours passed cheerfully—the black shadows danced strangely—how like a picture by Zubiaurre we looked! At last we gave up the automobile and ascended to a large bedroom, spotlessly clean, with a tiled

floor, heavy panelled shutters and wrought-iron bars on the windows, narrow iron beds, and over them shiny lithographs of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Sacred Heart of Mary. Outside, the white houses gleamed in the still moonlight, and occasionally a bell tinkled faintly. Before we had quite fallen asleep, we were startled by a noise, a bustle, a breathless English voice, and the manageress of the Reina Victoria appeared, infinitely relieved to know that we had not plunged down some cliff head first, quite willing to leave us to our enchanted slumbers, and to return in the Rolls-Royce lent her for the search. Its padded luxury did not



BRIDGE OF RONDA

EDITH EMERSON

tempt us from our simple cell at that moment. In fact we were seriously considering staying forever in Grazalema and departed in the morning with intense regret.

The one-hundred-mile journey to Granada consumed six hours, but we felt no impatience, because the track went between rows of flowering almond trees, which formed a delicate tapestry against the violet mountains, the henna colored soil, and the silver green olives in the background. Contrast this with the long line of garish billboards that ruin the journey from New York to Philadelphia! The approach to the Mohammedan Paradise is more worthy. High above the flat irrigated plain of the Vega

rise the battlemented towers of the Alhambra, and high above them shines the snow crown of the Sierra Nevada. When an Englishman whose garden commanded this superb view said gently that he thought he had the finest site in all Europe, we agreed that the rival claimants would be few.

When we stood at last in the ivory courtyards of the red palace itself, listening to the musical plash of the fountains, and watching the glittering drops flash against the dark cypresses, we were glad that an American had saved this rarely perfect thing for the whole world. If Washington Irving had not loved the Alhambra, it might today be a complete ruin, entirely looted of its peacock-

colored tiles and its intricate ornaments. I confess to a certain advance fear that the Alhambra might be ornate to the point of surfeit, but I reckoned without the rare perfection of proportion, the virility of the exterior, the tender gradations of color from fiery orange to flesh, the arresting contrasts, and the benediction of the sunlight. Only a highly trained mathematician could fully understand the delicate complexities of the Arabesques, but we heard the overtones with which they fairly sang to us of a purified existence as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be in a world without end. In endless repetition the saying of Mohammed I greets the eye—"There is no conqueror but God." What a curious thing is progress! In the name of Christianity the men who thought these thoughts were driven out of Spain! Across the plain we could see the cleft in the hills where the heartsick Christopher Columbus turned his back on Granada, abandoning all hope of aid from the dilatory Spanish court. Here Isabella's messengers overtook him, her desire to propagate her faith triumphed at last over her caution, and Christopher became the Christ-Bearer in deed as well as in name.

In the flamboyant royal chapel we saw the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and that of their pathetic mad daughter, Juana, and her husband, Philip the Handsome, whose coffin she carried about with her for forty years. The attendant's jaw dropped with surprise when we declined to go down to the crypt to gaze at the leaden coffins. The morbid vein in Spanish character is almost inescapable. Their bullfights, their realistic crucifixions, and much of their art show how unmistakably they are fascinated by the contemplation of blood, torture, insanity and death. Before casting out too many moles it might be well to consider the wax images and some of the tombs in Westminster Abbey, fox-hunts and prize-fights, the gladiatorial element on the stage, in circuses, and in moving pictures, and the fact that nearly twenty million animals are killed annually in North America to provide women with fur coats and decorations. Cruelty is not a Spanish monopoly.

The only form of life in the desolate Mancha country we traversed on our way to Madrid, is mineral. A mental image of the

attenuated Don Quixote floated into the gaunt background to inhabit there, for only by miracle can human beings live in such a dry and thirsty land. Nevertheless it has a dolorous magnificence when suffused with color of stained-glass intensity, that I would not exchange for a lush green landscape, so long as I may ride comfortably in a train.

Madrid has comparatively little architectural interest, but as a capital city it provides wide boulevards, social gaiety, and invaluable art collections, housed in the Prado Gallery, the National Library, and the Royal Armoury. The galleries dedicated to Velázquez and El Greco in the Prado, were in process of rearrangement, and when this work is complete, these masters will be presented at their sumptuous best. One must look into the melancholy eyes of the white-ruffed gentleman in black by El Greco, study the sensitive hand, ponder the exquisite sword hilt, to know what the dignity of a Spanish grandee can be. And how one shrinks from the steady gaze of the dwarf, El Primo! With what compassion Velázquez must have made the sure strokes which record the suffering of a brilliant intellect doomed to inhabit a deformed body! The painter whose motto was "Truth, not painting" was not so cold as some critics imply. How caressingly his brush lingered over the weak soft hand of the pallid little Infanta, dressed with such pomp and circumstance for her portrait; with what precision he felt the nature of every twist of silver braid, giving each item under his consideration due attention, never too much, nor too little! How much he has to teach the eager art students from London, Paris, and the New World who throng the galleries! How many will ever attain such self-control!

Modern Spanish artists form a vigorously independent school, and through the courtesy of Don Fernando Álvarez de Sotomayor, Director of the Prado Gallery, we had the great pleasure of meeting a representative group of them at the Circulo de Bellas Artes. This enterprising organization is now erecting a large building to house the artistic activities of the city, and will include exhibition galleries, and club-rooms with every convenience and luxury. The large list of non-professional members is headed by Her Majesty the Queen. Parenthetically I may

add that the Spanish artists were unaffectedly glad to meet a distinguished North American artist, and after a public exhibition of Violet Oakley's Portfolio, "The Holy Experiment," they gave a banquet in her honor and elected her an Honorary Associate of the Circulo. They told me that, with the exception of Sorolla, Zuloaga, Sotomayor, and the Zubiaurre brothers, the artists of contemporary Spain are not as well known in the United States as they should be. Surely the Hispanic Society and the American Federation of Arts will remedy this defect before long.

A visit to the large studios of Don Mariano Benlliure, Spain's leading sculptor and Director of the Museo de Arte Moderno in Madrid, proved illuminating. A man of extraordinary strength and versatility, he is able to attack any problem from tiny gold figurines to important civic monuments. I observed inimitable heads of babies, full of humorous tenderness, a glazed polychrome statuette of the dainty opera singer, Lucrezia Bori, a dignified portrait bust of the King, a spirited equestrienne figure of the Queen, a huge group of stampeding bulls, and his latest work, a touching monument to a young torero recently killed in the bull-ring. All Madrid was at that moment plastered with posters bearing a huge horned head, and the legend, "Festival of the Resurrection," and as we looked at the silent marble effigy in the studio, we could hear the menacing howl of bygone times,—*"Christianes ad leones,"* *"Crucify him—crucify him!"*

On Palm Sunday we went to the palace to see the Court march in procession, a ceremony called the *"Capilla Publica."* For this, women were required to wear mantillas, so we arrayed ourselves and left our hotel feeling thoroughly self-conscious. This sensation evaporated when we realized that among thousands of others we could excite no curiosity. The long glazed gallery overlooking the great patio of the palace was already thronged when we arrived, and it was difficult to find a place where the view was not obstructed, either by other mantilla covered heads or the broad vermillion backs of halberdiers, joking with the people, as they stood at ease. Officers in resplendent uniforms walked through in increasing numbers and everyone had been

on tiptoe with expectation for an hour before a bugle was heard in the distance, and the halberdiers stiffened into an exact line. Not a single window was open anywhere, but this caused no discomfort to anyone born in the country. We were prepared for something spectacular, and our expectations were fully met. Recognition is due the designers of military uniforms. Is it any wonder that the world is carried away with enthusiasm when it sees men looking as they ought to look—handsome, distinguished, strong, and brave? When will the peace-makers devise costumes that can compete in interest and exciting power with the armor and uniforms of war? Abstract ideas should have effective symbols. As one glittering officer succeeded another, it was difficult to decide which color combination was the most impressive—black, scarlet, silver and gold—perhaps the most heroic result was achieved by a cuirassier in a high plumed casque, gleaming armor, and a long white broadcloth cape billowing about him as he strode by.

Confused murmurs apprised us of the approach of the King and Queen. Presently we saw a very tall, erect figure in a scarlet uniform, blazing with decorations and topped by a shako. By his side was a veritable fairy-story queen, in a celestial blue gown, wearing several dazzling necklaces of diamonds of incredible size, and trailing a cascading white lace mantilla like a bridal veil. Both carried themselves superbly, with a dignified appreciation of the sacred character of the ceremony. As they came abreast of us, the procession halted, and I could clearly see the lines engraved in the famous Hapsburg countenance, the look as of one carrying a burden, for the little king has grown up—it is no longer the face of a youth. More dazzling than all the diamonds is the fairness of the queen. The dark Iberian types about her throw her Anglo-Saxon characteristics very much into relief. There is a tradition regarding Jane Seymour that her extraordinary blondness made all other women seem dark by contrast, and the same might be said of the beautiful Queen Victoria. She was followed by her mother, the Princess Amélie, and a group of ladies-in-waiting, all wearing white mantillas.

After the procession had passed into the Royal Chapel for the service, there was a relaxation of tension, before slow chanting told us that the Recessional had begun. First came ecclesiastics in copes of purple and gold brocade, swinging censers, then the Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, with a retinue of priests, and then the courtiers, each carrying a tall palm from the Groves of Elche. They were pale golden palms, and their bending crests made a whispering sound as they turned the corner. That held by King Alfonso was about fourteen feet high. This time he walked alone and bareheaded, a waving phalanx of palms stretching into the background. The queen walked directly behind the king. This time the spectators forgot some of the glorious attire, and I found my throat constricted, as another procession rose before me—Jesus of Nazareth in his little brief moment of earthly glory, when the palms were thrown before him in the streets of Jerusalem. The true nature of kings and of glory is an excellent subject for future meditations. One thing, at least, is certain: Heaven is a kingdom.

Imperial Toledo is a haughty city. The Moorish influence is still very evident, and the golden ochre buildings rear themselves against stormy skies which made us turn to each other, and exclaim with one breath—"El Greco!" The startlingly original painter reflected his surroundings very faithfully, but he never would have found Toledo if he had not been one in spirit with the strange old city. His was the seeing eye that recorded the celestial violence of the ragged clouds, waging archangelic battles in the sky. Sometimes a sharp wind slashes your face with sword-blades of snow, even in April, but you are willing to endure its chastisements for the sake of the exhilarating panoramas unfolded. Nothing could be handsomer than the Alcántara bridge or the one dedicated to Saint Martin. These two link the stern banks of the river Tagus, and are crossed and recrossed by slow-moving teams of black oxen, galloping caballeros, and files of cadets. The Alcazar, now used as a military college, towers high above the surrounding valley. Indeed, the situation of the city could not be more commanding. Its cathedral, the gorgeous Gothic cloister church of San Juan de los

Reyes, the Moorish Gate of the Sun, the antique Sinagogue, and other architectural assets compel attention and repay extended study. Fortunately for those interested in the work of El Greco, a house he once occupied has been made into a delightful little museum by the owner, the Marqués de la Vega. Here are arresting figures of Christ and the Apostles, and a complete series of large photographs of all his paintings, chronologically arranged. The sixteenth-century house might be called a simple palace, and has fine old furniture placed in the manner natural to such a building when it was lived in. One longs to linger in the kitchen to examine every fire iron. I think none would care to live in the Escorial, but almost everyone would enjoy living in the Casa del Greco.

To see his greatest masterpiece, however, you must go to the Church of San Tomé. We arrived early—at ten in the morning—and waited in the street while a little boy ran for the sacristan, who came running with the heavy keys, finishing his breakfast as he ran. And we stayed long, while other travelers came, looked, and departed. Only those who know how difficult it is to produce a perfect work of art; only those who know how seldom the result achieved equals the first conception, can fully appreciate the singular beauty of the great wall-painting, "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz." It is a solemn requiem, infinitely pitiful and compassionate, every figure charged with subdued emotion—the many made one by an inspired hand. Here is the world's greatest grief painted with understanding and with promise of comfort. How lovingly St. Augustine and Stephen the Martyr perform the task for which they have descended from heaven; how strongly the picture suggests certain traditional versions of the Entombment and the Deposition, and yet how personal it is—how freshly conceived! How Christian, the point of view! "O Death where is thy sting—O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Barcelona, the leading commercial city of the peninsula, succeeds in startling the visitor by its modernity, after he has been thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Middle Ages. The rich people have placed their cheerfully garish villas in luxuriant gardens, where roses, wistaria and palms

race each other to heaven. Certain examples of "Art Nouveau" appall the onlooker. One apartment house resembles sea-wrack more than anything else, with its wavy lines

calists and other organizations make constant political ferment, and assassinations are frequent, but everywhere there is evidence of prosperity. The older quarter



GRAZALEMA, THE AMAZING CITY

VIOLET OAKLEY

and iron incrustations. Perhaps it was planned during delirium. Electric light, trolleys, motor-cars and subway excavations attest the progressive spirit. It is a gay city, and a musical one, with fine concerts and operas. The district of Catalonia has a different language, and the lively disposition of the people has given them the sobriquet, "the Irish of Spain." Syndi-

of the city is dominated by the introspective Gothic Cathedral of Santa Eulalia. One sees many plants set out in boxes covered with blue and white checkered tiles. Catalan blue is surely the most vivid blue in existence, bluer than bluing blue.

We were filled with childish excitement as we went up the funicular to Mt. Tibidabo, where Ferris wheels, flying boats and other

hair-raising paraphernalia extract pesetas from a large population on pleasure bent. Where else though, could you find a church under construction in the midst of such

easily as clouds. This vision of Monsalvat—for that is its ancient name—made us long to go on pilgrimage, and when the day came we were not deterred by a heavy rain. As



THE GARDEN OF LINDARAXA—THE ALHAMBRA

EDITH EMERSON

distractions? As we walked around Tibidabo a castle of enormous size appeared mirage-like in the distance. The middle ages incarnate in one symbol—the mountain of the Castle of the Holy Grail! How different is Monserrat from all the well-worn hills undulating toward it! The silhouette bears a remarkable resemblance to pinnacles and battlements, where legends would gather as

our train mounted the rack-and-pinion railway which connects the village of Monistrol with the monastery we felt that some great orchestra ought to be playing “The Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla.”

Through rents in the whirling clouds we caught sudden glimpses of the sky-piercing pinnacles, reaching up like great hands, or massed like organ-pipes. As the world

fell away and the river shrank to a narrow silver ribbon, the horizon rose. I have always pitied people who cannot be happy in high places. The joy of standing on a peak, after wrestling with difficulties, may not be the perfect joy according to St. Francis of Assisi, but it is one of the most ecstatic. From Monserrat one can see the whole of Catalonia, part of Aragon, the chain of the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean, even to the Balearic Isles. No wonder the hermits loved it and built little chapels on apparently inaccessible crags, there to repent and rhapsodize.

The reddish monastery, with its hostels, rises on one side of the terrible Valle Malo, supposed to have been riven apart at the time of the Crucifixion. When we asked one of the boys who serve the guests whether he was ever lonely, he answered simply, "All the world comes here—*Todo el mundo vienen aqui.*" We were prepared to sleep in cells, but were shown to a bedroom containing brass beds, garnished with bright pink blankets. Even running water and a beveled mirror! What vanity!

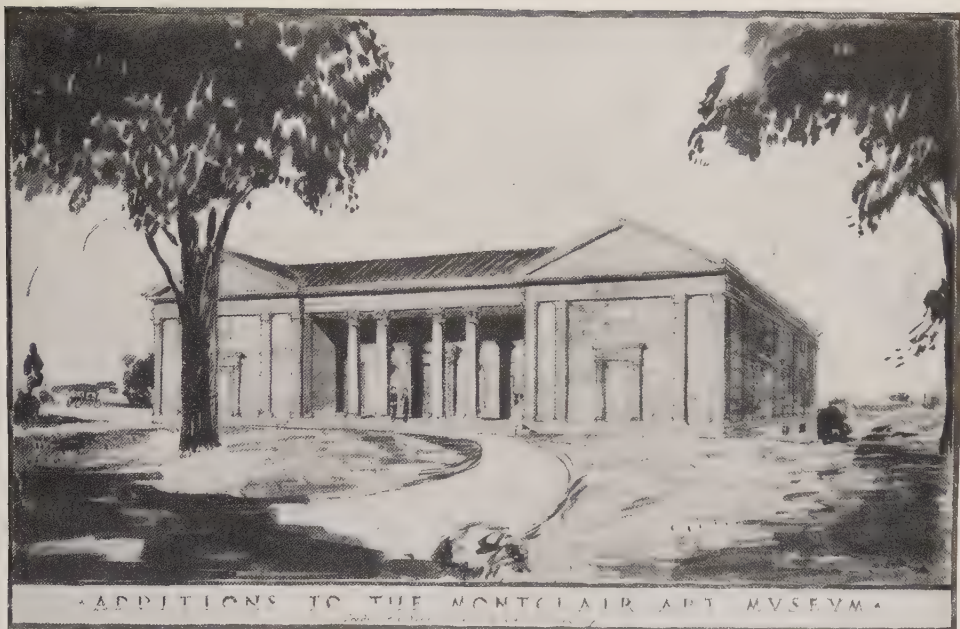
There is little outward commemoration of the Holy Grail legend, only the fantastic Peñascos over three hundred feet high, are called "the Guardians of the Grail." Most of the tales told are of the Madonna of Monserrat, an ancient wooden image, reputed to be the work of St. Luke. In order to protect it from the Moors, who hold strict views on the subject of images, it was buried at the spot where the sanctuary of La Cueva now stands. There it was found by shepherds in 880 A. D. An attempt was made to carry it to Manresa, but the Madonna refused to stir beyond a certain spot. This miracle led to the erection of the convent. It was before this image that Ignatius Loyola hung up his weapons, and devoted himself to the service of Christ and the Virgin. A school of ecclesiastical music is conducted by the monks, and toward evening we heard the choir boys sing "*Ave Maria, ora pro nobis*" a thousand times by the light of a thousand candles, which only accentuated the black mystery of the church.

As we climbed the paths next day, and picked the daffodils, the laurel, and the box together, we seemed to see the armor-clad figures of the knights, ever a little ahead, undaunted by the portentous Enchanted

Giant. Presently the sun sent a long piercing ray through the clouds, like the shining sword of Galahad himself, battling with illusion. After terrific combat the seven deadly sins fled away. In the depths the cloud dragons and the monsters roared their baffled rage, blowing out vapor, but from the heights came the uplifting cadences of the Good Friday music. Above the rocks rose wall upon wall, above the walls tower upon tower, and atop of every tower, a knight's banner blowing free. The original company of the Table Round grows ever greater. We liked to think that those noble warriors gladly welcomed Tennyson, the Pre-Raphaelite painters, George Frederick Watts, Howard Pyle, and Edwin Austin Abbey to their fellowship, for it is they who have carried the precious Grail to our generation. May the light shine ever more brightly on their banners, for Monsalvat has room for all who come. Are not all of us engaged upon the Quest? What did the child say? *TODO EL MUNDO VIENEN AQUI.*

SPECIAL CLASS FOR GIFTED CHILDREN IN NEW YORK

The School Art League of New York City has organized an art class for gifted children, announcing as the purpose of this class "to give the gifted child an opportunity for creative self-expression and to bring the pupil in contact with other gifted children for inspiration and help in producing drawings, designs, sculpture, pottery and other crafts, that shall have artistic merit." This class is free to all such boys and girls between the ages of eight and fifteen years, and meets each Saturday morning from nine to twelve o'clock under the direction of Dr. Henry E. Fritz. The work is to be developed entirely from imagination, without the use of models. All mediums of graphic expression, such as paper, paint, linoleum, wax, clay, plaster, wood and fabrics, are placed within reach so that the student may discover which one responds best to his or her mode of expression. The League is not only advertising this class itself, but is requesting that the supervisors and teachers of art in the schools call attention to the opportunities offered therein.



GOODWILLIE AND MORAN, ARCHITECTS

THE MONTCLAIR ART MUSEUM

BY GEORGE CLARKE COX¹

IT IS NOW nearly twelve years since William J. Evans of Montclair, N. J., the well-known connoisseur of modern American paintings, offered to the town a collection of fifty-three canvases on condition that other citizens supply a suitable building in which to house them and future gifts. Several citizens contributed money to purchase a fine plot of land in a central district, both accessible to car lines and close to a very fine residential section; and Mrs. Henry Lang, herself well known for her love of art, contributed the building as it now stands. This contains a central lobby or atrium and two handsome galleries. The building was formally opened ten years ago in January, and the Montclair Art Association, which is the holding and governing body, has just held a week of celebration from January 21 to 26, inclusive.

This tenth birthday was made notable by the announcement from the president

and trustees of a further gift from Mrs. Lang, viz., the completion of the portico on the west façade. This will not only give a very handsome exterior to a worthy building but will also add a fine room over the entrance, lighted both by skylight and windows, to be used for the instruction classes for children. There will also be provided an office for the director, Miss Katherine Innes, whose work for the Museum during the past five years has been highly appreciated.

It was in many ways an ambitious undertaking to establish an Art Museum in a place the size of Montclair. The town has grown rapidly, now numbering about 30,000 inhabitants, and it is noted for public spirit and generous support of its institutions; but the Museum was entirely without endowment until two years ago and that endowment even now is small. Support has come from its some 500 members and, for five years past, from a guarantee fund

¹ Member of the Board of Trustees

to carry the enterprise over critical years. Many of Montclair's prominent citizens have given unsparingly of their time and energies to make the Art Association a vital influence in the town.

The North Gallery of the Museum is devoted to the permanent exhibit which includes paintings by such artists as George Inness, who lived in Montclair for a considerable part of his life, George Inness, Jr., Blakelock, Homer Martin, John Francis Murphy, Henry W. Ranger, R. Swain Gifford, F. Ballard Williams, Chas. Warren Eaton and Cullen Yates. A handsome bronze bust of George Inness, Sr., by his son-in-law Hartley, stands in the lobby. In this connection, it is worthy of remark that Montclair's newest and finest public school is to be called the George Inness School. For many months the Museum has been able to show a collection of 40 Inness water colors loaned by his daughter, Mrs. Hartley; and at present the two large Inness oils of Niagara Falls are loaned by George Inness, Jr. Montclair has, not unnaturally, been proud of its association with so distinguished a painter.

The South Gallery is devoted in part to another permanent exhibit, a remarkably fine collection of Indian relics and curiosities. The Rand collection takes its name from Mrs. Rand, mother of Mrs. Henry Lang, and the name Rand Gallery has been formally bestowed upon the South Gallery. The collection of Indian art objects takes up but about one-fourth of the space of the Rand Gallery, the rest of which is available for loan exhibits and is constantly used for them. Some eighty such exhibits have been held in the past ten years. These have included many of miscellaneous paintings by American artists, an annual exhibit, held in the autumn, of work done by artists of Montclair and vicinity, giving ambitious amateurs a chance; an architectural exhibit two years ago which attracted much attention; a portrait show, last fall, which was worthy of a large city; exhibits of sculpture, of glass, of pottery, silverware, early American furniture, rugs and practically everything which calls for the creative art instinct. These loan exhibits attract large numbers of people; over 20,000 annually pass within the doors of the Museum.

The work of the Association is not con-

fined to its permanent or loan exhibits. Close association, especially within the past four or five years, has been maintained with schools, public and private, with the women's clubs and other organizations. The Museum is frequently used for lectures on art, music, the drama and kindred subjects; and classes for the instruction of children are maintained on Saturdays. The Association now has close to 100 junior members, who are enthusiastic about their work. Recent instruction of an unusual sort has been afforded by lectures from Miss Clara T. MacChesney and Miss Eberle. It is the aim of the Association to make the Museum a place from which to disseminate a knowledge of art and through which to arouse a desire to do, as well as to see. Within the past year the scope of its activities has been enlarged to encourage the performance of good music by local amateurs and to develop a taste for the more cultivated forms of the drama. Several orchestral concerts of an unusual merit have been given, more or less under the fostering care of the Association and, at the recent tenth anniversary, a very notable dramatic reading of J. M. Barrie's "Dear Brutus" was given by a local caste which included three members of the Board of Trustees of the Association.

The Montclair Art Association is striving not only to present the best in the way of modern paintings and sculpture but also to be catholic in its tastes. It has largely avoided the bizarre, but it has given opportunity to its members and friends to know of new movements. An example of this was, on the side of music, in a concert which set forth sympathetically the work of the most advanced of modern composers. The Art Committee, composed of the officers and two other members of the Board of Trustees, must pass upon all purchases and exhibits. Since Frederick Ballard Williams, N. A., is the president, the Association has expert advice.

The standing of the Association is evidenced by a gift from the Ranger Fund about a year ago of the painting, "Light on the Hilltops," by Gardner Symons. It is a chapter of the American Federation of Arts.

The Montclair Museum has, both by reason of lack of space and by lack of funds, been unable to go outside the field of Ameri-

can art and has confined its few purchases mainly to paintings; but it hopes some day, with the completion of a central auditorium and the two additional galleries contemplated in the original design, to have space for at least reproductions of classic sculpture and architecture. It has no ambition to rival great metropolitan museums but merely to have a worthy, small, permanent collection, to increase the number and variety of its loan exhibits and to influence art education in Montclair and vicinity. The word vicinity must be emphasized, for Glen Ridge, Caldwell, Verona and even East Orange come within the radius of the Montclair Museum's activities.

The Museum is democratic in its policy. Any citizen of Montclair or the neighborhood is welcome to join it, and the building is open mornings and afternoons on week days and afternoons on Sundays and holidays, to all who will come. The privilege of membership carries with it the responsibility of support, but also an association which is full of charm.

On occasion addresses have been given

by such men as Lorado Taft, Joseph Pennell and, at the recent anniversary, by J. Monroe Hewlett, which have served to interpret art movements and to make the citizens of Montclair critical in the better sense of that abused word.

The Montclair Art Association has often profited by the friendly good-will of the more distinguished artists of America, and it has cooperated with other museums and with individual artists by loaning pictures from its permanent collection.

A rather notable art library has been collected, starting with a fine group of books and drawings given by the late Pierre Le Brun.

The funds of the Association are carefully handled by men of large affairs and a policy, formally adopted by the Board of Trustees, will not approve the erection of buildings without sufficient endowment, to prevent their being a burden rather than a help.

Montclair feels a just pride in the achievements of the past ten years and looks forward to a time of greater accomplishment and more ripened knowledge.

CARL AKELEY—SCULPTOR-TAXIDERMIST

BY DOROTHY S. GREENE

TO SECURE recognition for that which is new in art is a difficult undertaking even in an era when age-old traditions are being overthrown, but to such a task Carl Akeley as a young man set himself. The itch was in his palm and the urge in his brain to become a sculptor, but he believed that, whatever distinction he might attain from monuments in stone or bronze, his contribution to an art of such noble heritage would be insignificant. Another field lay open for the use of his talent—a field where only unskilled hands had worked before, but where his artist's eye saw latent possibilities. In the development of those possibilities was opportunity worthy of his genius. Carl Akeley turned his back on sculpture and set his mind and hand to the creation of a new art—the art of taxidermy.

Forty years ago taxidermy was nothing more than an upholsterer's job. A raw or poorly tanned skin was stuffed out with

rags, straw, or sawdust, thinned in spots with a long needle and strong thread, and the specimen was completed. The misshapen, overstuffed creatures that resulted brought slight satisfaction to a man whose soul was as sensitive to natural grace and beauty as Carl Akeley's. He made up his mind to find a better method, and the taxidermic technique which has enabled our museums to mount animals that are life-like in aspect and beautiful in form is the result of that resolution. The process, though it will always be a painstaking one, is simple enough now, but it has taken inventive genius and years of experimentation to bring it to the present high plane.

Mr. Akeley's first step is to model the animal in clay as carefully as if it were to be cast in bronze. From this clay model he makes a plaster mould. Into every crevice of the mould, but separated from it by a coat of glue and a sheet of muslin, are



Courtesy of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

One of the Four Deer Groups Mounted by Carl Akeley for the Field Museum, Chicago

worked papier-mâché and wire cloth. Four layers of papier-mâché and wire cloth are less than an eighth of an inch thick, but they are strong, durable, and, after being shellacked, impervious to moisture. When the plaster mould is immersed in water, the glue melts, and these clean, light, muslin-covered sections of papier-mâché and wire cloth fall away from the mould and are assembled to make a manikin as shapely as the body of the animal itself. The carefully tanned skin of the animal fits over the modelled bones and muscles as perfectly as it fits over them in the flesh, and Mr. Akeley's mounted animals, when set in a background that closely copies their natural habitat, form exhibits that are not only permanent and scientifically accurate but also startling in their reality.

Notwithstanding the slight he gave her, sculpture has courted Mr. Akeley. Modelling was essential to taxidermy as he practised it, and to increase his knowledge of the subject he spent hours in the art museums in the study of animal bronzes and marbles. With each visit to the galleries the old

desire to try his hand at sculpture grew stronger, but his determination to accomplish his original purpose was so stubborn that finally, to remove temptation, he gave up going to the art museums. Although by that simple expedient he avoided the appeal of the galleries, he could not so easily close his mind to the suggestions of those about him. Visitors to his studio, recognizing the power of the clay sketches that he was making for his taxidermic groups, constantly urged him to have these figures cast in bronze; but until he had satisfied himself that his taxidermic process was nearing perfection, he paid no heed to the entreaties of his friends. Indeed, when he finally turned to sculpture, he did so in the interest of his taxidermy.

Even Carl Akeley's taxidermy at first made no appeal to the critics; in fact, there was no occasion to bring it to their attention. Eventually he concluded that the recognition of taxidermy as an art must come first through the recognition of the taxidermist as an artist, and he paused in his mounting of museum groups to give to

the world his first bronze. As his subject he chose three African elephants, the animals which of all African animals he likes best and respects most. The new work went well. At the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in 1913 "The Wounded Comrade" was exhibited, and by virtue of this, his first bronze, he was made a member of the National Sculpture Society.

Recognition of the labor of more than a quarter of a century came soon after, when in 1916 membership in the National Institute of Social Sciences was conferred upon him for "making taxidermy one of the arts." When in "The Wounded Comrade" he used a conventional sculptural material as the medium of expression, lovers of art discovered his ability; and once aware of his genius, the public was not slow to see in his mounted animals the mastery that the bronze had disclosed.

The wretched, heart-broken prisoners in the Zoo and the Jardin des Plantes are necessarily sought out as models by most sculptors of animal life. Carl Akeley has found his subjects in the African out-of-

doors. If he is most widely known as a hunter of African big game, that is because big game hunting is the most spectacular side of his activity rather than the most important. Hunting with him has always been incidental to art and science. He has no love for killing. He has shot animals only when they have been needed for scientific purposes and because skins, measurements, and anatomical studies had to be obtained before the beasts of the jungle could be faithfully re-created in America. It is this essential of the taxidermic art, this intimate knowledge of the wild animal in its natural surroundings, which so few artists have had the opportunity to acquire, that has given Mr. Akeley's bronzes their distinctive quality. The flashing spirit of a wild animal is crushed and the beast becomes languid or surly, when it is put behind iron bars. Muscles that were hard and taut in the open, sag and grow flabby in a cage. Such a specimen serves as well for a model for a sculptural lion or elephant as a ribbon clerk for the statue of a Roman gladiator. But Mr. Akeley's sculpture is authoritative. His beasts are vital, powerful. In his work



THE CHARGING HERD—SMALL BRONZE

CARL E. AKELEY



LION AND BUFFALO—SMALL BRONZE

CARL E. AKELEY

is a realism that conjures up the spirit of the free African forests. It has been aptly said that other animal sculpture by the side of Mr. Akeley's assumes "an air of sophistication, the look that savages have when they put on the clothes of the civilized world."

In his studio at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, Mr. Akeley is preparing groups for Roosevelt African Hall; simultaneously, he is giving time and thought to his sculpture. The great African Hall will be his masterpiece of taxidermic art, a vast museum exhibition to record for all time the vanishing wild life of Africa. A statuesque group of four great elephants, the central figure for the hall, is already completed, and the mounting of the gorillas, taken on his last expedition, is well under way. To aid him as he expresses muscles, tendons and bones on the surface of a taxidermic model, he has not only the image of the specimen as he saw it but also photographic records, measurements, casts and death masks, and occasionally even the preserved body of an animal. Four years were required for the mounting of Mr. Akeley's first pretentious work, the deer

groups in the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, but now that the experimental stage is past and capable assistants have been trained, museum preparation progresses smoothly and quickly. Consequently, in the midst of his coldly scientific work, Mr. Akeley is able to turn to sculpture for relaxation. While the monumental group of African elephants was being done for Roosevelt African Hall, he was modeling "The Charging Herd" and "Stung" for bronze in odd moments in the studio. Now that the gorillas are being put into a group, a series of gorilla sculptures has been begun. All the knowledge of anatomy that he has acquired to enable him to build a manikin for a mounted museum specimen underlies his more subtle treatment of a clay sketch for bronze. Nothing is hazarded in Mr. Akeley's representations. Truth and scientific accuracy in his sculptured animals are never overlooked through ignorance nor sacrificed to beauty.

One day when the steel framework for a new museum building was being swung into place just outside Mr. Akeley's window, I happened to be in his studio. He stood watching the progress of construction for

some time before he spoke. "That is the work I really enjoy," he said. "Sometimes I think it is because they are such beautiful machines that I love these animals." His mechanical genius has not only found an outlet in his inventions, the "Cement-Gun" and the Akeley motion picture camera, but it has also played its part in his artistic work. It made possible the development of the taxidermic process. It underlies his

fear, he has chosen to interpret them in the kindest light. There is the jungle's spirit of peace and play in his "Jungle Football"; the jungle's good fellowship in "The Wounded Comrade"; the jungle's timid curiosity toward man in "The Old Man of Mikeno"; the jungle's valiant self-defense in "The Charging Herd" and "The Lion-Spearing Groups." Even his powerful representation of a battle royal between a



THE OLD MAN OF MIKENO

CARL E. AKELEY

complete understanding of anatomy. It facilitates the manual labor of sculpture. The problems that prove most annoying for sculptors who have not the ability to devise mechanical contrivances—the construction of the armature, for instance, the handling of clay and plaster, or the difficulty of managing heavy casts—are easily solved by a man with his originality and resourcefulness.

Carl Akeley is a student of animal character as well as a master of anatomy and of mechanical skill. In the beasts of the forest he has discovered personality. One may look for good or evil in animals as in men, and, believing that his jungle friends were essentially good tempered until the barbarous intrusion of the white man taught them

lion and a buffalo can be interpreted only as an act of the tragedy-drama of the jungle, for the lion is at his legitimate business of getting food.

The same earnest purpose that has furnished incentive for his taxidermy has inspired his sculpture—the desire to tell the truth about the wild life of Africa and to efface the prevalent impression of the horrors of the "dark continent" by recording, so that all may read, his knowledge of her "golden joys." He has done nothing that he has not felt to be a real contribution to this end. Conceived in that spirit, his bronzes are not only monumental and impressive but they are also eloquent. "The Wounded Comrade" thrills and grips one by its portrayal of the splendid strength

of three great elephants, but, more than that, it attributes to these giants of the jungle the emotion of sympathy intelligently expressed in action. Such a conception would have been impossible for one who understood the nature of these jungle beasts less completely than Mr. Akeley.

His admiration for the splendid courage, the superb physique, and the beauty of form of the natives of certain African tribes has also found expression in sculpture. As his first human figures, Mr. Akeley has modelled these bronzed natives, representing in three sculptural groups the most dramatic thing in Africa—the spearing of lions. The first two groups set forth the attack of the native hunters and the answering charge of the lions. In the final group the lion lies dead, while with shields held aloft the spearmen chant their requiem. The lions and four of the six human figures, all life size, have been completed. Lithe, buoyant figures, the natives are, gracefully poised with spears and swords, facing the charge with a spirit that is fearless, almost joyous. The lion and lioness, placed on the defensive, meet their assailants honorably in the open, opponents worthy of respect.

A new and intensely interesting series of bronzes has been begun with Mr. Akeley's portrait bust of his first gorilla. "The

Old Man of Mikeno" is his interpretation of the personality of the animal he came to know on the forested slopes of Mt. Mikeno two years ago, a creature of vast physical strength to be sure, but with slight resemblance to the monsters of fallacious sketch and story. One sees in "The Old Man of Mikeno" a being startling only because of his human aspect. Whatever of frightfulness there may be in his huge, shaggy outline is belied by the look in his deep-set eyes—a look of longing, striving, yet never attaining.

It must be remembered that sculpture until recently has been Mr. Akeley's avocation. During the past few years he has felt justified in devoting more energy to sculpture, but even now other duties make heavy demands upon him. Long expeditions into Africa and the preparation of habitat groups for Roosevelt African Hall, while they have contributed to the quality of his art, have also limited his productivity. On the other hand, it is not to be wished that the volume of his sculpture be increased through the sacrifice of the opportunities for scientific work and for the understanding of animal life which have made his art what it is. In Carl Akeley Africa has found a sculptor who speaks for her with authority and with eloquence.

"THE FUTURE"

BY CHARLES VEZIN

On Seeing Evelyn Beatrice Longman's Statue

What is it that thine artist vision saw
Which fills my heart with awe?
Is it the Future of thine own fair life and art,
The Future of the artist soul that lies revealed
Through this the record of thy heart?
Or does it gaze for womanhood into the veil
To solve the Future woman's part?
Is it for all humanity thine eye would see
The hidden path that lies on that unwritten chart?
What is it greets those virgin eyes
That try to pierce the dawn's portentous skies?



THE FUTURE

BY

EVELYN BEATRICE LONGMAN



THE EXPULSION

EUGENE F. SAVAGE

THE EXPULSION

A PAINTING BY EUGENE SAVAGE

BY MARY POWELL

THE STORY of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden is not a new subject for artists to portray, and when a modern painter essays the theme it must be with an entirely new thought.

Eugene Savage has painted "The Expulsion" in such dramatic, forceful and decorative manner that it at once arrests the attention and awakens the imagination.

As Van Loon tells the ancient story of Adam and Eve: "Jehovah spoke to them

and said: 'Listen, for this is very important. Of the fruit of all the trees in this garden you may eat to your hearts' content. But this is the tree that gives forth the knowledge of Good and Evil. When Man eats from this tree he begins to understand the righteousness or the wickedness of his own acts. That means an end to all peace of his soul.' . . . Adam and Eve listened and promised they would obey." The serpent enters the story and persuades Eve to eat the fruit. "When the serpent handed her

the fruit of the tree, she ate some, and when Adam woke up she gave him what was left. Then Jehovah was very angry. At once he drove both Adam and Eve from Paradise, and they went forth into the world to make a living as best they could."

Eugene Savage has chosen to depict the first anguish of soul. Adam and Eve, in the painting, are shown at the moment when they are turning their backs on everything reassuring and pleasant and known, and are forced to start upon a path whose end they do not know, uphill and filled with sharp rocks and obscuring vapors. The bent and unwilling figures reveal not bodily pain but overwhelming mental suffering caused by the consciousness of their fall.

The painting, masterly in drawing and composition, takes its place among the moderns because of its significant color. "Color is a means of expression talking directly to the soul." "The Expulsion" speaks to the soul with its marvellous color. The garden of Paradise is represented with warm and rich hues, giving an impression of depth and beauty. The figures and the foreground of the unknown region are painted with colors cool and forbidding. The latter contrast strongly with the pleasing ones of the land of Eden and leave a feeling of unhappiness and confusion.

In harmony with the troubled forms of the figures is the bare and broken tree, a symbol, perhaps, of storm and stress, which contrasts well with the undisturbed and perfect foliage in the valley beyond.

The drawing, color, composition and decorative qualities of the painting reveal the superb craftsmanship of the painter. An artist said of it, "Everything we look for in a painting he expresses on that canvas."

The picture is enclosed in a frame which the artist himself designed to harmonize with it, and, under the influence of the subject, the decorative elements were developed from the apple and serpent motif.

Not much has been printed of the life of Eugene Francis Savage, perhaps because it has not yet been of sufficient duration. We learn, however, from press excerpts, that he was born in Covington, Indiana, and moved to Bloomington, Illinois, when he was quite young. At the age of sixteen he attended the Corcoran Art School in Washington,

D. C., later returning to the Middle West to study at the Art Institute of Chicago.

He came into public notice in 1912 when his painting "Morning" won for him the Prix de Rome, which brings with it the privilege of three years of study in the American Academy at Rome. After his period of study in Europe, paintings of allegorical and mythical subjects, strangely decorative, began to appear. Soon these canvases came to be anticipated by frequenters of exhibitions, and now the paintings by Eugene Savage are invited to all important exhibitions.

"The Expulsion" was purchased by the City Art Museum of St. Louis in October, 1923, from the annual exhibition of paintings by American artists. At the National Academy of Design spring exhibition of 1923 it was awarded the Thomas B. Clarke prize, Saltus Medal, and at the thirty-fifth annual exhibition of American paintings and sculpture at the Chicago Art Institute it received the Norman Wait Harris Silver Medal.

It was invited to the exhibition at St. Louis and from there to the Corcoran Gallery of Art for display in the Ninth Biennial Exhibition, which opened December 16, 1923, in Washington, D. C.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has received as a gift, from Mr. Albert E. Gallatin of New York, a collection of eighteen drawings, including two works by Everett Shinn, one a remarkable drawing of a New York street on a snowy winter evening; a spirited sketch of a polo player by George Luks; a portrait of Whistler by Alexander; a delicate water color of a cyclamen by Demuth; and drawings by Boardman Robinson, Maxfield Parrish, Rockwell Kent, William Glackens, Manigault, Henri, and Sloan. The gift also includes an autograph with a butterfly by Whistler and a notable drawing of a horse's head by Degas, which will be shown in the next exhibition of European drawings held by the Museum.

Other recent accessions of the Museum are a charming "Portrait of an Old Woman," a painting by Frank Duveneck; and a "Portrait of a Russian Nobleman," by Albert Herter, the latter the gift of Mr. V. Everit Macy.



THE OLD TOWN HALL

FREDERICK POLLEY

ETCHINGS OF OLD GERMANTOWN BY FREDERICK POLLEY

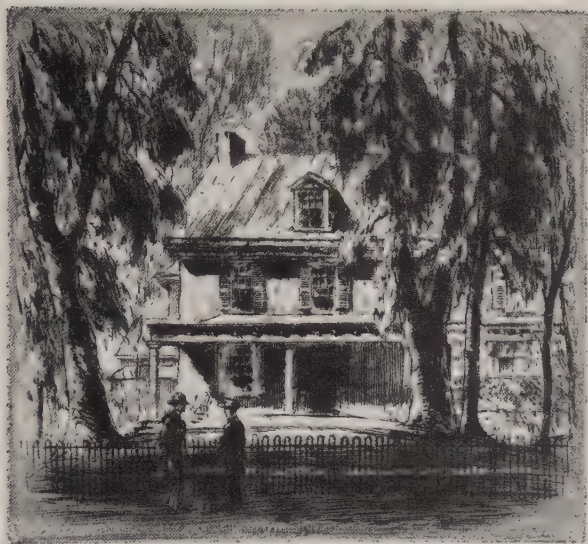
WITH DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY THE ARTIST

DEAR to the hearts of all good German-towners is the Old Town Hall, sitting well back from the street as it did, with its long line of shade trees on either side of the old red brick walk, one always got the feeling of a small town far distant from the big city. What a good time the old veterans had, chatting together on the benches on warm spring afternoons, and how lovely it was in the winter especially around the holiday season when the snow was on the ground.

Sitting well back from the street amid the shade of old trees is the house which about 1796 to 1800 was occupied by Gilbert Stuart, the American portrait painter. A small building in the rear, now demolished, was used by the artist as a studio. Here Stuart is said to have painted the full length por-

trait of General Washington known as the Lansdowne portrait now in possession of the Athenaeum in Boston. The old place was originally a Brighthurst House, but for many years now it has been known as the Whynn Wister House.

This old house, known as the Keyser House, was built in 1738 by Dirck Keyser, who came from Amsterdam in 1688, and of whom many quaint stories are told. It is a typical old Germantown stone house with a peat roof running across the front. It is close to the street and stands rather high—owing to the lowering of the street and, like many other old Germantown houses, it has been added to from time to time. It accords beautifully with its surroundings and is really a part of the shady old street.



THE WHYNN WISTER HOUSE—GILBERT STUART RESIDENCE

AN ETCHING BY FREDERICK POLLEY



THE DIRCK KEYSER HOUSE

AN ETCHING BY FREDERICK POLLEY



THE BUTLER PLACE—AN ETCHING

FREDERICK POLLEY

THE BUTLER PLACE

Away over on the eastern edge of Germantown, in fact nearer to what is known as Branchtown, surrounded by spacious grounds and wonderful old trees, stands "Butler Place," built by Pierce Butler, a southern planter. The house is somewhat in the southern style with picturesque rambling old out-buildings and stables stretching out in the rear. Here Fanny Kemble, the well-known English actress and grandmother to Owen Wister, the present occupant, having married Pierce Butler, Jr., lived for a time; and it is said that, while here, Fanny Kemble spent much of her time planning and laying out the grounds and many of the wonderful trees on the place are said to have been planted by her hand.



CLIVEDEN—THE CHEW HOUSE—AN ETCHING

FREDERICK POLLEY

CLIVEDEN—THE CHEW HOUSE

Amid spacious well-kept grounds, surrounded by beautiful big trees, Cliveden is pointed out as Germantown's most important house. Solid and well preserved, the house was built in 1760 by the former Chief Justice Benjamin Chew. The story of the important action which took place here during the Revolutionary War and which, with the loveliness of the place, goes far toward making Cliveden Germantown's most important house, is too well known to repeat, but the old house bears many scars of this action. Many generations of Chews have lived here and it is still in the hands of the descendants of the original owners. Off to the sides are the servants' quarters and in the old stable in the rear can be seen the old Chew coach and quaint one boss shay still preserved there.

CHICAGO ARTISTS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THE ART INSTITUTE, FEBRUARY 1— MARCH 11, 1924

BY KAREN FISK

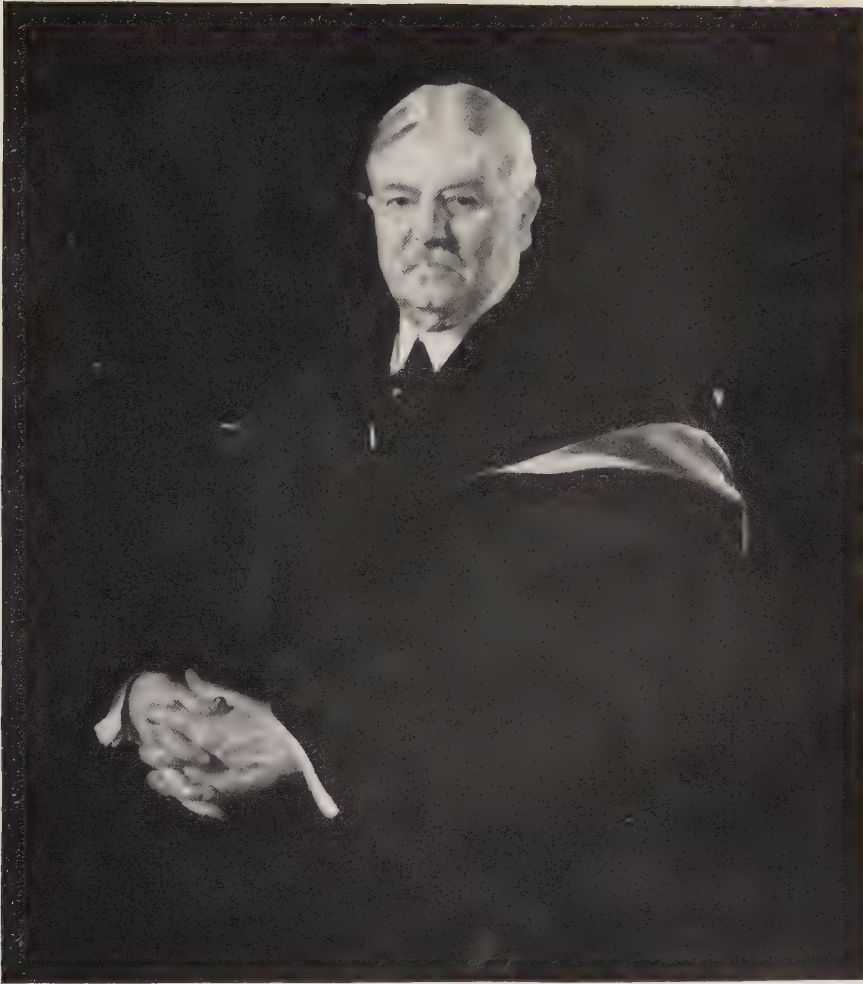
CHICAGO, eager as ever to welcome its own, wends its way to the Art Institute these days and there finds itself instantly at home. In the catalogue Chicago sees the names of its favored and favorite sons and daughters; on the wall Chicago views works of a nature and standard it has learned to expect from them. Frank V. Dudley, Frederic M. Grant, Anna and John Stacey, Karl and Mary Buehr, Pauline Palmer, Carl Krafft, Gerald A. Frank, Joseph Birren, Abram Poole, Leopold Seyffert—like old friends these and many others greet the visitor to the Twenty-eighth Annual Exhibition by Artists of Chicago and Vicinity. Among the exhibitors are new names, of course; among the familiar ones, new tendencies; but for the most part Chicago artists seem to be travelling steadily upward along paths already well defined.

The portrait group is not as large as in former exhibitions, and it is interesting to note that whereas figure paintings outnumbered landscapes three to one in the big American show at the Art Institute last November, the ratio is reversed in the Chicago exhibition. Of the portraits Leopold Seyffert's unnamed in the catalogue but easily recognizable as that of Frank G. Logan, the well-loved vice-president of the Art Institute, stands head and shoulders above the rest, an amazingly competent work. To say that it is a "perfect likeness" is to be guilty of a mere platitude where Seyffert is concerned; his portraits are always that. Mr. Seyffert grows, if anything, cooler and more self-possessed. One seldom feels now that here, for instance, he painted a head with special joy, that there he slipped for a moment in the rendering of a garment; all the elements seem one to Seyffert, and he paints them all with the same unruffled, dispassionate excellence. Other portraits in the exhibition are painted largely in the same tradition, that of well-bred realism. Arvid Nyholm's "Portrait of Mrs. H. Cochran" is such a one; Charles

Sneed Williams' portrait of Cale Young Rice, another.

Landscapes, native and foreign, greatly absorb many Chicago artists, and the current exhibition has canvases ranging from the august splendor of Edgar Payne's "Le Grand Pic Blanc" and "Les Hauts Sierras" to the friendly scenes beloved by the Staceys, Carl Krafft, and Edward B. Butler. John F. Stacey, by the way, has one delightful canvas, "From an Essex Hillside, Connecticut," not radically different in subject matter from many he has done before but rendered with a quiet and convincing sincerity. In the current show we have the outdoors seen at all seasons and in many kinds of light, from the romantic "Moonlight" of Rudolph Ingerle to the decorative brightness of E. Martin Hennings' "Beside the Stream." There is a quite-even quality of facility running through many of the landscapes; they are for the most part thoroughly realistic and not in any sense experimental. They are the kind of pictures considered suitable for the home, the kind people in general like to "live with," which is perhaps why there are so many of them. That "intimacy of vision and new flexibility of expression" which Havelock Ellis insists upon as the essence of great literature (and to art they apply with equal truth) are not for the most part there; many eyes have viewed these scenes before with the same vision, many hands have set them down in approximately the same way. But perhaps that test is too stringent a one—at least the eyes see clearly enough; at least the hands that uphold the familiar banner are steady.

Still another aspect of the outdoors calls to such artists as Louis Ritman, Frederic Fursman, Edgar Rupprecht, and Arild Weborg, whose canvases bask in sunlight. All these men attack the problem of human beings in outdoor light, and their expositions of simple types in rustic settings are healthy and full of color.



PORTRAIT OF FRANK G. LOGAN, VICE-PRESIDENT, CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE
BY LEOPOLD SEYFFERT

AWARDED THE FRANK G. LOGAN MEDAL AND PRIZE OF \$500; AND THE WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST PRIZE
TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CHICAGO ARTISTS

From the Chicago artists in New Mexico only two canvases come this year. Gustav Baumann's "Dancing for the Christ Child" is an interesting archaeological contribution, the paganism of the Indian rites stirring the mind as the broken but compelling rhythm of the composition stirs the eye. William P. Henderson's "Acoma Water Girl" is full of warm and boldly juxtaposed color and primitive feeling. Anthony Angarola's "Swede Hollow" is another canvas in which the elemental aspects of human life are

keenly felt. His squat houses with their blank windows, his wooden figures, are beautifully placed on the canvas; there is an intricacy of pattern that is not at all disturbing because each section of the pattern is so simple and so solidly related to the whole.

A much more sophisticated and deliberate naïveté is Abram Poole's in "Diana." Poole had a canvas by the same name in the American exhibition a year ago, a highly decorative linear composition. His new Diana is unlike any version of the huntress-



DIANA

ABRAM POOLE

AWARDED THE HARRY A. FRANK PRIZE
TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CHICAGO ARTISTS

goddess we have ever seen; she is a demure little thing with a child-like face, almost an Arthur B. Davies figure. Her right arm is raised to pluck an arrow from her quiver, but the attitude suggests an up-to-date flapper arranging her marcelled hair. Her hounds and deer run (or rather rock, like hobby-horses) in friendly fashion together. The entire composition is a matter of inter-related curves instead of horizontals, and the effect is decidedly amusing.

Women painters are usually well represented at the Chicago show, and this year's is no exception. Anna Lee Stacey, Marie Blanke, Laura Van Pappelendam, Mary H. Buehr, and Helga Dean are among the familiar names. Pauline Palmer has four canvases, more varied in matter than in manner. Harry H. Wicker has several very fresh and delicate foreign scenes, one

of them, "Morning Market, Cahors" being particularly rich in color and contrast, the other two glowing with a serene opalescent light of their own. Indiana Gybersson is represented by several of her characteristic small jewel-like canvases.

Most of the pieces of sculpture are grouped together in a room which holds likewise a number of water colors and miniatures. The sculpture consists for the most part of small pieces, some of them beautifully executed. Emery P. Seidel, who has four exhibits, has a happy faculty of catching children in their most charming positions and moods and rendering them without sentimentality. John David Brein's figures are lithe and animated and endowed with a quality that is the result of an active imagination. Several successful portraits round out the sculpture exhibit.



Courtesy of the Cleveland Museum of Art

MIROKU, SO-CALLED NYOIRIN KWANNON—WOOD—CHUGUI

JAPANESE SCULPTURE OF THE SUIKO PERIOD¹

A REVIEW

BY HAMILTON BELL

THE APPEARANCE of this, "The first exhaustive work ever written by a foreigner on any important era of the art history of East Asia," as Professor Asakawa in his introduction calls this book, is a matter of sincere congratulation to the increasing number of serious students of this fascinating subject; a still greater matter for rejoicing is that this competent "foreigner" should be an American.

Mr. Langdon Warner, Fellow of the Fogg Museum for Research in Asia, is a Harvard man whose training, ever since he left college, has been such as to fit him peculiarly for the work to which he has devoted himself. Joining the staff of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, he was so fortunate as to find himself assistant to that learned and accomplished Japanese, Okakura Kakuzo, under whose guidance and in whose com-

¹ JAPANESE SCULPTURE OF THE SUIKO PERIOD, by Langdon Warner, Fellow of the Fogg Museum for Research in Asia. With an historical introduction by Lorraine d'O. Warner, and 145 plates. Published for the Cleveland Museum of Art by the Yale University Press.



Courtesy of the Cleveland Museum of Art

KWANNON—WOOD—YUMEDONO, HORYUJI

pany he not only worked in the Department of Far Eastern Art at the Museum but paid his first visit to Japan. There, under the most extraordinarily favorable auspices, he was enabled to study the arts as certainly no other Occidental has yet done. At that time the enlightened Japanese Government was employing its highest authorities, among whom Mr. Okakura ranked one of the

first, to examine the priceless relics of ancient art in the temples and to register those found worthy as national treasures; working with these accomplished experts Mr. Warner was initiated into all the mysteries of technique as well as into the history of innumerable works of art of every description, and so thoroughly did he improve his opportunities that, on this



Courtesy of the Cleveland Museum of Art

PROFILE OF KWANNON—WOOD—YUMEDONO, HORYUJI

third visit in 1910, Mr. Okakura selected him as his assistant and amanuensis in compiling the most authoritative record of Japanese art that exists, "Japanese Temples and Their Treasures," published by the Imperial Government. He has since made many visits to Japan and has sojourned long and frequently in more parts of the Far East than almost any other

student of the arts of those lands; at present he is absent on an expedition across the whole of China in pursuance of his duties as Fellow of the Fogg Museum.

In 1913-14 he went under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution to the East, visiting all the important museums and private collections of Oriental art in Europe on his way, to consult with foreign scholars

and the Chinese Government regarding the establishment of an American School of Archaeology in Peking, incidentally studying in many parts of China, Korea, Cambodia and Mongolia; this important project was nipped in the bud by the outbreak of the war. Much more might be recorded of Mr. Warner's preparation for the work before us, but enough has been told to prove his exceptional fitness for accomplishing it.

Even the most chauvinistic Japanese will admit that his country has no art worthy of the name before the introduction of Buddhism from China by way of Korea in 552 A. D. Mr. Warner, therefore, begins his record of the arts of Suiko by an account of those of North Wei and their Korean derivatives on the continent of Asia; he is peculiarly equipped to do this as he has not only studied every important example of them which has been brought out but has visited all the known sites where they still remain and has even discovered more than one of these himself.

The earliest Buddhist art of China is this of the North Wei Dynasty, 380 to 549 A. D. and the earliest dateable remains of it are the sculptures in the ruined cave temples in the Yun Kang hills, south of Ta-tung fu in Shansi Province, which M. Chavannes says were begun in 414-15 and finished in 520-21. Other famous sites at which work of this period, in stone, is to be seen are the cave temples of Kung Hsien and those at Lung-men, both in Honan. Mr. Warner has identified others, of which the most important for the present subject are five near Ichou in Manchuria, dated by an inscription in 502 A. D.; this is the nearest site, so far investigated, to Korea, whence as we know Japan derived her first knowledge of Buddhism and the arts which ministered to that religion.

It was not till 607 that the devout Prince Regent Shotoku taishi, no doubt perceiving that Korea was but acting the part of middle-man in the transference of Chinese religion and civilization, opened direct intercourse with the great continental power; by this time North Wei had fallen and the Sui dynasty had united China, so long divided under the Six Dynasties, into one homogeneous empire. But the arts which we recognize as those of North Wei con-

tinued to dominate those of Korea and Japan for some years to come. Mr. Warner classifies the arts of Suiko under the years 552 to 645, when he finds the influence of T'ang becomes marked in Japan and adopts Mr. Okakura's era-nom, Hakuho, for those of this succeeding period. These classifications often begin before and end after the actual reign or era (*Jidai*—Jap.) which is used to designate them; in this case the Empress Suiko actually reigned only from 593 to 629, and by no means all the works of art of the Suiko period, of which Mr. Warner's catalogue records 85, were executed in her time, though many of the more important of them are known to have been; and several others are traditionally associated with her or with her Prince Regent.

The earliest date inscribed on any of them is 609 A. D. on a bronze statue of Yakushi dedicated on the altar of the Kondô (Golden Hall) of Hôryûji, by the Empress and the Prince Regent in fulfillment of a vow made by the Emperor Yomei on his death bed; this is the work of a sculptor of Chinese descent, though a Japanese by birth, Torii bushi; of 625 is a Trinity on the same altar, Shaka and two attendant Bosatsu, by the same artist. Mr. Warner, with a fine technical instinct, points out that these and a few others which he ascribes from internal evidence to Torii or his atelier are not only inspired by North Wei but are so directly affected by the carvings of that period that they have few or no "modelled" characteristics but are "stone translated into bronze." But the reader must be directed to the book itself, where on every page he will find instances of profound scholarship illuminated by such instances of critical judgment and insight into the very spirit of the devout oriental artist and so make the acquaintance under the happiest auspices with one of the most fascinating epochs in the art of the world.

That this is no hyperbole I trust that the illustrations, selected from among the 145 in the book, will demonstrate to the sympathetic student. The great Kwannon of the Yumedono (Hall of Dreams) of the Tôin or Eastern temple of Hôryûji, at Nara, is perhaps the most superb example of Suiko art. Ancient and well authenticated tradition, recorded in two temple inventories

of the eighth century, describe it as an object of especial veneration by Shotoku taishi himself; one of them says that it is made in his likeness.

It is of wood, gilt, 6 feet in height, and is overpowering as it towers above the visitor in the little octagonal hall which enshrines it; in style it is purely North Wei, yet with subtle differences of spirit, the splendid carved halo is of the form and decoration which, so far as we know at present, originated in China at that time, but nothing Chinese remains to us equal in beauty to the pierced metal work of the crown. It is, as our author says, indeed "by far the most beautiful relic of sculpture which has come down to us from the Suiko period. . . . I take it not only as the standard and type of Korean and Continental influence, but as one of the most important documents of the whole period." Its fine preservation is doubtless due to the fact that it was for centuries secluded in its shrine, wrapped in innumerable yards of stuff; Fenolloso describes the official opening of this shrine, to which ceremony he was taken by Okakura, and the superstitious terrors of the priests at the sacrilege of such unveiling, these culminated when a terrific thunderclap shook the earth as the last veils fell and the

statue stood revealed after no one knew how many centuries.

Students have long waited for a scientific scholarly treatment of the early Buddhist sculpture of China and Japan. We have too long had to content ourselves with such vague ascriptions as "Six Dynasties," a period covering three centuries and a half, which the rarity of dated works has rendered maddeningly obscure.

A few Chinese examples are scattered through the museums of this country but the greater part and by far the most important, because dateable, approximately at least, remains in the far distant interior of Asia. Japanese art of these early times is still more inaccessible; hardly any of it has come out and still less can, as the bulk of it belongs to the temples for which it was made and, as said, has been by the Imperial Japanese Government registered as national treasure to remain forever inalienably the property of the Japanese nation.

Unless, therefore, the student can visit those islands, prepared to make a long stay and to travel far afield, it is to such works as this of Mr. Warner's that he must turn for enlightenment, and he will not turn in vain; it is only to be hoped that this volume is but the first fruits of a bountiful harvest.

CASER

BY F. NEWLIN PRICE

LIFT YOUR spirits to the blue sky over the Mediterranean. Live for the moment in Venice where Caser was born and lived for thirty years, since when he has claimed Boston as his home and ours his country. The youthful Caser attended both the Conservatory of Music and of Art, and now, though the violin has little to say, music sings in his paintings, music that throbs and thrills and fills one with delight. And the artist, the man, should you meet him, smiles into your heart and presents a certain fulness of enjoyment, appreciation, that will envelop your own pleasure in the arts. This is the gift of Caser to America, ten years his home. This is the gift from France and Italy, where at ten and twelve the children love

music and art. To make life full of riches is the rôle of art. Here in the old world is more than one little child that thrills with the glory of things beautiful, sky and hills and silver lakes, autumn in panoply of rehearsal, the parade of fruition, the autumn fair when the birds are going south and the snows are coming, but few will find time for music and color, the luscious, deep qualities of life. Thus deeply did the little boy Caser drink and experience at the sources of inspiration before he put away his violin and began painting with the thrill and rapture of great music.

Against the pageant of God the shadow of man is modest, and yet a part of its glory. Caser is modest. Born in Venice in 1880, he studied in schools, and after



THE COUNTRY FESTA

ETTORE CASER



ST. MARK'S, VENICE

ETTORE CASER



BOY PLAYING A FLUTE

ETTORE CASER

learning the classics he continued to frequent the Academy of Fine Arts and the Conservatory of Music. "With my violin I made little progress, still less with my drawing lessons, but I will never regret these years of study as they left a kind of perfume, and open door to possibilities." There developed a grand ambition to do something in colors, to become a painter. We may say he is self-taught, if one is self-taught after the world has tilled and prepared the soul to fill the mind to think, and the eye to look straight. If youth knows what it most desires. However, you may decide. A delightfully naive situation develops, for Caser's real teacher was his grandmother, who encouraged and urged him on. To quote Caser: "I do hope Grandmother will pardon me the hundred of fearful portraits I made of her, but as I

did not have any funds to get models, and she seemed to be always asleep, I could not help but get the first rudiments of my future art from her noble figure."

Caser fortunately came under the influence of Mario de Maria (Marius Pictor), perhaps little known in America, but a dominating personality in the art of his country, the greatest of tempera painters, an old man with the fire and enthusiasm of youth. From him he learned the chemistry of colors and was initiated into the charmed circle of beautiful surfaces and the transparencies of glazes. Thrilled with adventure, Caser spent all his little money for materials for experiments. His room was filled with vases, boiling pots, horrid, fantastic smelling compounds of all sorts of glues, mastics, varnishes. In this period the violin was mostly forgotten, and he



FLIRTATION

ETTORE CASER

dug into the crust of earth to play with heat and liquid for his color. Then, too, he was poor, his money was gone, and he stood in the centuries old dilemma of artists, material need and obsession of technique. To hold the ideal and carry on. Still things arrange themselves. A mountain spring visualizes no expanse of endless billowing waves, knows no sea; still nature makes its course.

After many years spent in severe and hard conditions, struggling on to technique, that child of labor and experience which is the very expression of art, Caser placed on exhibition twenty canvases, but he made no sales. Oh Italy, where struggling artists weighted down by the incalculable burden of great art—over their heads Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, Corregio, Titian. A friend in Boston, Herman Dudley Murphy, held out hope and encouragement and invited him to America. His kind enthusiasm brought renewed ideals. So Caser went to Boston, and there he has remained with the exception of the years of the "Great War," that "horrible madness," during which Caser fought in the trenches at Gonitza, and then on the Italian Alps. His was a dangerous part, the pomp of

Italian cavalry, or the lone intelligence scout. The madness passed. He is back in the United States where he loves to be, and where the best of his life has been spent, for the great museums have honored him and shown his works. In exhibitions held in the Corcoran Gallery of Washington, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Academy of Design, New York, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, they have been welcomed. Still others will be sent again to Turin, Rome, the International at Venice, Rimini, Milan, the battlefields of youth.

The reaction of this old little boy of the violin to American art is interesting. In the Golden shadow of great art he grew up; through searing years he drank of experience. He has seen that "The American artist seldom flies in the realm of Utopia; he wants to be perfectly understood by the public, with a very apparent honesty towards truth. In our exhibitions Caser misses interesting pictures that arouse the curiosity of the observer. The landscapes are much alike, and, while very splendid in technique, remind so often of someone else. One could swear to have seen the same thing the previous year, the same melting snow, the same surf breaking on the shore, the

same group of trees vanishing in a haze. Grey values are apparently preferred. Quite seldom does the sun play his fierce battle of light on the things of earth. Sometimes the atmosphere of an American exhibition gives an impression of heaviness to the observer, but never is one disgusted with it as so often happens in Europe.

To quote Caser, "The public too is different; less animosity between the public and the artist. A man of little means likes to have a good painting in his house and pays well—is proud of it. Many women and girls are playing with palette and brushes in this country compared with Europe. The art problem is more deeply felt here, and the American ideals are based on solid ground; here and there you find the 'purest form,' and a noble way of representing nature, adding a new perfume to the older. More and more the very soul of this country, combining effort from everywhere, is working toward a great future."

Caser is a great colorist. This is the natural result of his long study of tempera and technique. I would like to give you his recipe. There is none, unless we start with a vision that sings in his mind, a thing unborn, that he would place on record for all time. At first he wonders how it can be done—never with thin, diluted, pigment that will fade away nor with faint transparent courting of illusion, but a solid surface of deep endurance.

He starts his structure with thick pigments, very lightly glazed over with transparent or semi-transparent colors. No matter if the light over painting is grounded with oil or one of tempera medium (to be sure the tempera dries very quickly, a great advantage), so long as it is quite thick and enough to get good vibrating quality. Usually he draws with a glaze over a white ground. This gives freedom of drawing and composition. When this is what that vision shows he begins to build up plastically in white with regard to planes and forms. When he has obtained his plastic sensations of the thing, when the colors are perfectly dry, he proceeds with the color in transparent or semi-transparent pigments. He can color and glaze till his results bring satisfaction.

Perhaps in the art of glazing lies his success. This might well be called a lost

art. Certainly the ancient masters prepared their canvases with colors complementary to their respective glazes, making absolutely sure of the effects they would obtain. Today with the realistic school there is no time to do this, though the glazing is the most dominant factor in a great painting. Caser is never satisfied with himself if he does not bring his picture to a very noble glow of color that only glaze can give. Here dwells the most subtle and delicate of feeling, of color, of form. Success and destruction are very close to the artist at this time. Out of the mind a vision of great art. Children and a Mirror, Bacchante. If the vision dwells in the artist he knows how to carry it on. The start, the finish, to each small detail of delightful pieces, and do it immediately without present effort or fatigue, because he likes to sing and loves the song.

ITEMS

An interesting exhibition of Swedish Art opened on January 14 at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, London. A few days after the opening of this exhibit another portion of the galleries was occupied by the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters.

Over four hundred pictures were shown in connection with the Swedish Art Exhibition, the scope being limited by the organizers to what they considered to have been the best period in modern Swedish painting—from 1880 to 1900. It is the hope of the promoters of this exhibition to organize at an early date an exhibition which will illustrate Swedish present-day painting.

At the annual meeting of the Baltimore Friends of Art which was held at the Baltimore Museum of Art Thursday, February 7, a painting by the late George Hitchcock, "The Milkmaid," was presented to the Friends of Art by Miss Alice Upton in memory of her sister, Florence K. Upton, the well-known portrait painter; also a fine water color by J. Olaf Olson was presented by the Friends of Art in memory of the late Mrs. Marie Conrad Lehr, the first vice-president of the Friends of Art. A large canvas, "The Song," by Everett L. Bryant, a Baltimore artist, purchased by the Friends of Art, was shown for the first time.

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ART AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

Two bills pertaining to art matters have lately been introduced in Congress. One, a bill to create a Department of Fine Arts, was introduced in the House of Representatives on January 19th by Mr. Tinkham of Massachusetts, and after being read was referred to the Committee on Education. This bill, which was doubtless drawn at the instance of the Art Commission of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, not only would create an Executive Department in the Government to be called the Department of Fine Arts, but would have it under the direction of a Secretary, to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate, and take rank as a member of the cabinet. It provides that the holder of this office shall be "learned and experienced in matters pertaining to the fine arts," and gives him "charge and control of the National Gallery of Art, including the Freer Gallery in Washington and all other galleries of art which may hereafter come under its control wherever situated," makes him "a member and chairman ex-officio of the Commission of Fine Arts," which shall perform its duties under his direction. He is "to advise and

judge all matters relating to construction, monumental as well as buildings, paintings, sculpture, exhibitions under government aid, both in the United States and its possessions as well as in other countries." He shall have "direction and charge of international relationships in the field of art, assuming responsibility for gifts to the Government on the part of foreign governments, have charge of art exhibitions abroad where the Government of the United States has control." He is to be kept informed through the diplomatic and consular service of all art movements to which the United States is accredited, is to investigate and report upon the teaching of art in the public schools, upon better and more instructive methods, and is to cooperate with the industrial interests in the United States. His jurisdiction is to include not only paintings, sculpture and architecture, but industrial arts and all the arts of design. He is to collect, collate and report at least once each year "full and complete statistics relating to the fine arts of the United States." His tenure of office is to be like that of the heads of the other Executive Departments, that is, four or eight years at the will of the President. His salary is to be \$12,000 per annum, and he is to have an assistant with a salary of \$8,000 per annum. He is to be allowed to spend for periodicals, for the rental of appropriate quarters for the accommodation of the department, and for other incidental expenses such appropriations as Congress may provide from time to time.

The other bill, introduced into the House of Representatives on January 24th by Mr. Langley of Kentucky, creates a Commission in the District of Columbia to consider the proposal of the so-called American Arts and Industries Association to erect a building in Washington for the exhibition of the applied and industrial arts provided Congress will give the site. The purpose in mind in this instance seems to be to furnish a permanent place of display for American manufacturers whose products have certain relation to the arts of design.

Recurring to the first bill, that to create a Department of Fine Arts, it should be noted that the head of the department, to be styled Secretary, is assured a sufficient amount of responsibility to keep him busy,

and that the qualifications for such office are not small. Also, that a large part of the duties described are at the present time effectively being fulfilled by existing organizations, and that at the present time the director of the National Gallery of Art receives from Congress, covering not only his own salary and that of all of his assistants but all expenses incident to the conduct of the Gallery and work under his charge, the munificent sum of \$15,000 a year; that the National Gallery has no quarters, no exhibition space, pays no rent and is entirely dependent upon the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution for hospitality. Also, it would be well to observe that the Secretary of Fine Arts, whosoever he might be, would only hold office for a comparatively brief period and that the position could be legitimately regarded as a political appointment. It is undoubtedly very desirable that the Government of the United States should recognize art as a factor in national life and that appropriations should be made by Congress for its support and encouragement, but it is a grave question whether the establishment of a Department of Fine Arts on this basis would accomplish these ends.

NOTES

While the American Federation of Arts has had municipal art commissions and art associations of various kinds for many years in its membership, Palos Verdes Art Jury in Los Angeles presents a new field of constructive art work attempted on a larger scale than has yet been reported in this country.

Briefly, the Palos Verdes Art Jury is a legally constituted, perpetual commission of three architects selected from the Southern California Chapter of the A. I. A., a city planner from the American City Planning Institute and three laymen, and this jury has been given veto power on not only the plans but alterations and maintenance of all buildings, structures, poles, signs, fences, walls, color, planting and general appearance of property in Palos Verdes Estates, a new garden suburb of Los Angeles, California, containing 3,200 acres in the present development and which is expected to be extended

to cover the balance of 16,000 acres now under option, or a total of 25 square miles of the metropolitan area.

This community is blest with 12 miles of ocean front and a series of mesas or stepped slopes rising up to 1,200 feet in all above the sea, which have been laid out most carefully by Olmsted Brothers, Landscape Architects, and Charles H. Cheney, Consultant in City Planning, in six general townsite centers, of which three are already under development.

Palos Verdes Art Jury was appointed in November, 1922, and at present has a budget of \$12,000 a year to carry on its work and pay its members who are sitting three to four times a month to pass on the plans of buildings proposed for immediate construction. The Art Jury has been pledged an endowment fund of \$300,000 of project funds for its permanent maintenance.

Myron Hunt, Dean of Architects of Southern California, is president of Palos Verdes Art Jury and Chas. H. Cheney, City Planner, is secretary. The jury is empowered to encourage and develop art education and municipal embellishment. It has already made appropriations for the establishment of a permanent art library and later hopes to arrange exhibits, and possibly students' prizes and scholarships.

THE RESTRICTION OF OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

A National Committee for the Restriction of Outdoor Advertising has been organized, with Mrs. W. L. Lawson of Glens Falls, New York, chairman, Mrs. Frederick Hodgdon of New York City, secretary, and Mrs. Harold Caparn, of New York City, treasurer. This organization is cooperating with seven national and nineteen state organizations, among the former being the American Federation of Arts.

The organization has got out a little leaflet telling what it stands for, the spirit of the campaign, and giving the names of the national advertisers already endorsing the stand that has been taken. Among the national advertisers who have joined the ranks of those who are endeavoring to preserve the beauty of the country are Kirkman and Son, soap manufacturers, The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, the Pillsbury

Flour Mills, and the Goodyear Tire Company. These national advertisers have agreed that they will at once order their posters off the road and discontinue their painted bill-boards as fast as they expire. Several of the national advertisers have said that they would withdraw any billboard posters that were objectionable to the committee.

The committee has prepared an extremely tactful letter to be sent out by organizations throughout the country to country billboard advertisers calling attention to the ruthless way in which the signboard companies are commercializing the entire country and destroying our most scenic highways, thus arousing widespread resentment against all outdoor advertising; and urging that all display advertising, of all kinds, be confined to commercial locations where it will not injure scenery, civic beauty or residential values.

A printed list of fifty national advertisers who are still employing this means of publicity for their products will be supplied to any one who is willing to write and urge upon them the desirability of keeping the country unmarred by such commercial intrusion.

The Garden Club of America has in preparation a series of slides on billboards and roadside conditions. The chairman of the Roadside and Billboard Committee, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, of 512 Fifth Avenue, New York, states that they will be finished March 1st and may then be rented through the Garden Club of America. This pictorial record will, it is thought, prove a valuable contribution to the campaign against country billboard advertising.

The City Art Museum had on display during February the rotary exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; the British Society of Arts and Crafts, and two portrait busts, in bronze, by Malvina Hoffman, of Ignace J. Paderewski, representing that remarkable personality as "The Man" and "The Statesman." The third of the trilogy portraying Paderewski as "The Artist" was recently presented to the American Academy at Rome. Distributed through the galleries were seen a number of rare objects, such as small tomb figures from

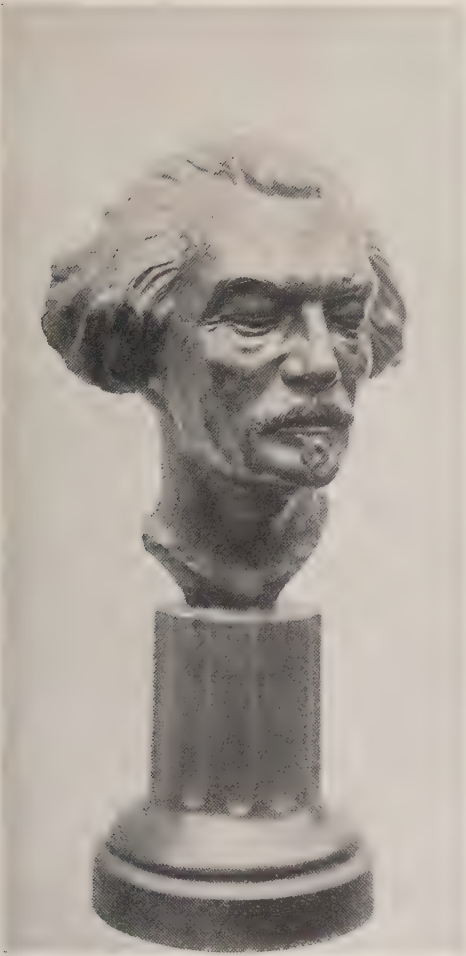
Egypt, a Tanagra figurine, a late fifteenth century Gothic door, a chased and carved bronze bowl from Venice, "Madonna, Infant Jesus and Saints," by Rondinello, a mahogany mirror frame of the Adam period and two pieces of tapestry, one a "Mille-fleur" weave from Arras and the other a Flemish piece of the fifteenth century.

The Museum announced an attendance of 316,821 for the year 1923. This is the largest number of visitors since the Museum was founded and shows a gain of 41,593 over the previous year. During the quarter ended December 31 the attendance of school children in classes has increased 100 per cent. Also a notable increase in the use of the Museum by Women's Clubs has been recorded.

The St. Louis Artists' Guild had on exhibition in February a one-man show by Tom P. Barnett, architect and painter, whose building for the City Club, an interesting structure in the Italian Gothic style has just been completed. Several paintings by Mr. Barnett have been invited to the various exhibitions of paintings by American artists in a number of museums, including Detroit, Indianapolis and the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. At the same time as the exhibition at the Guild, Mr. Barnett held an exhibition of small paintings in the rooms of the Town Club.

The Paul Shortridge Gallery assembled in its galleries during the past month an exhibition of the work of eight St. Louis artists: Tom P. Barnett, Oscar E. Berninghaus, Fred Green Carpenter, Katheryn E. Cherry, Charles Franklin Galt, Gustav F. Goetsch, Takuma Kajiwarra and Edmund H. Wuerpel. The exhibition was the occasion of a number of informal art talks and receptions for women's clubs.

Recent art lectures have been by Charles J. Connick, on stained glass; Rev. Francis X. Mannhardt, S. J., Professor of Christian Art and Archaeology at St. Louis University, on "The Last Judgment in Art"; Prof. Holmes Smith, of Washington University, on "The Minor Arts of Greece and Rome," one of a series of lectures on the history of art given at the City Art Museum, and Allen John Bayard Wace, Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, whose subject was "Mycenae: the Wonder City of Ancient Greece."



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Courtesy of M. Knedler and Co.

PADEREWSKI—THE ARTIST

PRESENTED BY MRS. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN TO THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME. ONE OF A SERIES OF THREE PORTRAITS OF PADEREWSKI; THE OTHER TWO BEING "THE MAN" AND "THE STATESMAN"

The art room of the Public Library is showing the best examples of printing and publicity in the form of booklets, circulars, cards and broadsides which it has assembled during 1923. The exhibit is an annual affair and attracts the attention of the printers, commercial artists and advertising men throughout the city and undoubtedly has an effect for better printing.

The Art Alliance announces that plans are under way for its annual dinner, when the theme for the speakers will be "The

New Art School." The new building for the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, made possible through the generosity of W. K. Bixby, is about to be commenced. Jamieson and Sperr are the architects.

M. P.

The Pennsylvania Museum EARLY AMERICAN has lately acquired a number of fine examples of native American furniture of the seventeenth century, a part of the Charles F. Williams Collection, which also includes specimens from Italy, Spain and England. This furniture is not only interesting from an artistic standpoint but also as a part of the early history of our country, these articles having been used by the settlers in their daily lives, "cherished possessions of the families who took an active part in the great task of civilizing this continent. Among the most interesting of these pieces is a slat-back armchair, with the usual rush seat; a beautifully carved Hadley chest; a quaint old Bible-box, probably made about 1700; and a desk-on-frame, which was formerly in the Lemon Collection, Wayside Inn, Massachusetts, and is illustrated in Nutting's "Furniture of the Pilgrim Century."

In the Museum's Bulletin of recent date, in which illustrations are given of these newly acquired pieces of furniture, there are also illustrations of a beautifully carved mantel of Chippendale period in the Tower Hill Room, given by Mr. John D. McIlhenny; and of the Philadelphia Room of about 1790, given by Mrs. Frederick T. Mason in memory of Anna Phillips Stevenson.

ART IN
BROOKLYN The Brooklyn Museum opened on February 5 a special exhibition of Early American Handicraft. The

catalogue of the exhibition contained over seven hundred numbers, comprising a collection of costumes, accessories, quilts and coverlets, embroideries, samplers, and diverse objects of related interests. This exhibition was assembled in an effort to present a record of the handiwork of our ancestors in this country during the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The objects assembled were nearly all the work

of women, and in addition to their distinct historic and artistic interest possessed the great virtue that they were really organic creations, fashioned from necessity and therefore with a real sense of fitness.

The exhibition occupied the entire east wing of the Museum's picture galleries, and with it was incorporated a special rearrangement of the Museum's permanent collection of early American furniture as well as a special collection of miniatures which represented the work of some of the best known artists of the past. In connection with the American made objects there was also shown a number of objects made in other countries during contemporary periods which served, in many cases, as valuable contrasts or comments on the work which was done in this country.

The Brooklyn Museum has acquired by purchase and through the generosity of several donors a number of the most important pictures which were included in its recent very successful exhibition of Water Colors, Drawings and Sculpture. These accessions comprise not only the work of American artists but also a number by European painters whose work was included in the exhibition. Among the artists who will thus be represented in the permanent collection are Sandor Bernath, Jacques Brissaud, John E. Costigan, Boutet de Monvel, Henri Deluermoz, Charles Demuth, Gazan, Howard Giles, Gir, George Hart, Paul Helleu, J. Lars Hoftrup, Edward Hopper, Jodelet, A. M. Le Petit, Owen Merton, Dudley Mygatt, Seevagen, H. B. Tschudy, Sybil Walker, Edward V. Warren, and Isabel Whitney. The list of accessions also includes five works by Joseph Pennell, depicting scenes in and near Soissons.

ART IN
BALTIMORE The Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Art under the auspices of the Charcoal Club and the Peabody Institute opened at the Peabody Institute Galleries on January 30 to continue to March 2.

The Baltimore Water Color Club will hold its Twenty-eighth Annual Exhibition in the Peabody Institute Gallery, Baltimore, from March 12 to April 9.

The Baltimore Museum of Art held a loan exhibition of French Art of the Eighteenth Century—paintings, drawings, sculpture, furniture and tapestries, from January 4 to February 3. The February exhibition at the museum consisted of contemporary American painting and sculpture. The main gallery was occupied by The Six (and One) of Baltimore. Talks on various art subjects relating to the exhibition were given in the Gallery on Thursday afternoons. This exhibition continues to March 9.

A colonial kitchen has been installed in the basement of the Baltimore Museum of Art by Mrs. Miles White, Jr., who has been collecting interesting old kitchen pieces for many years. A visit to the lower floor of the Museum carries one back to the eighteenth century when the kitchen was the living room in most New England homes. The half-burned logs in the open fireplace of the Museum kitchen, the old blunderbuss with its powder horn dated 1778, the big kettle hanging on the swinging iron crane, the crib with the usual patchwork quilt, the dresser with orderly rows of pewter platters, mugs and courting lamps, and a number of equally interesting objects, all combine to reproduce the surroundings in which the New England colonists lived from one to two hundred years ago.

ART IN INDUSTRY MEDAL

The Michael Friedsam Art in Industry medal has recently been awarded to Henry Creange. This medal was given by Mr. Friedsam through the Architectural League of New York. The jury of award consisted of Michael Friedsam, Honorary Chairman, Howard Greenley, James Monroe Hewlett, and Dr. John H. Finley.

The medal was designed by Robert Aitken, N.A., and shows on its face Industry learning from Art, and on the reverse side Art nascent from Industry. Its purpose is to recognize art in American industry. It will be presented each year.

Mr. Creange is Art Director of Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers, and has done much to stress the value of artistic design in this branch of manufacture. He is a Frenchman by birth and studied at the Paris Arts and Trades College and the Hautes Etudes Commerciales there. He first became a



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designer of pottery and the art director and business associate of the Royal Ginori Porcelain works of Italy, where he spent many years developing artistic products and ceramics of all kinds. A large group of his work is to be found in the National Museum of Doccia, Italy.

CLAUDE
BRAGDON
ON THE
THEATRE

Mr. Claude Bragdon, designer of the settings of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and author of "The Beautiful Necessity" and other works,

gave a lecture on the "Art of the Theatre" before the members of the Master Institute of United Arts, New York, on January 15. He discussed the synthetic side of the theatre and described the color-moods of various dramas, showing why purples and blues reflect such a play of the north as "Hamlet," for instance, while reds and oranges reveal the psychology of such a southern atmosphere as is found in "Romeo and Juliet." Referring to "Cyrano de

Bergerac," Mr. Bragdon stressed the synthetic aspect of the play with its shades of sadness and humor, telling also of the derivation of the costume for each character. Mr. Bragdon expressed tremendous optimism in the future of American drama looking to a time when the people themselves will participate in the productions. "Like the walls of Jericho," concluded Mr. Bragdon, "the commercial theatre will fall before the trumpet call of the people, and the ugliness, the irreligion of the day, will be superseded by the demands of those who search and sacrifice for beauty." In connection with the lecture an exhibition was arranged of the costume and scenic designs of Mr. Bragdon for "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Macbeth" and other plays. Among the finest of the sketches shown were those representative of the Coach scene from "Cyrano."

Corona Mundi is conducting a series of contests to encourage individual creative work among the younger artists at the Inter-



FANTASY

JOHN DAVID BRCIN

SHOWN IN THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CHICAGO ARTISTS. ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

national Art Center, among which will be a competition for a Modern Costume based on the style of Atlantis. The choice of subject for the contest at this time has been influenced by the recent excavations in Egypt as well as the brilliant examples of Mayan culture unearthed in Central America. There will be three prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25. The judges will be Alfred Bossom, architect, Peyton Boswell, critic and editor, Howard Greenley, architect, Samuel Halpert, artist, and Louis L. Horch, president of the Master Institute of United Arts. The contest closes April 1, 1924.

ART IN PROVIDENCE

The gallery of the Providence Art Club has been the scene of a series of successful exhibitions this season, but no single show has contained so novel a feature as the present one which is given by Harry Neyland, director of the Swain Free School of Design, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Mr. Neyland, who is an all-round artist, has for a period of years made specially careful study of the old whaling barques and square riggers to be found in New Bedford. These old ships are visible reminders of the

fast disappearing whaling industry of New England, which began its decline a half century ago.

Mr. Neyland was quick to see the artistic possibilities of these old whaling ships and to feel the value of giving permanency to a particularly characteristic side of earlier New England livelihood. Such an attempt by Mr. Neyland is not incomparable to the motive that led Millet to depict the life of the French peasant or Israels to seek his homely Dutch themes. His attitude has indeed been similar, for he has felt the tragedy and the romance of the sea. A visit to the gallery is convincing evidence that he has held "as 'twere the mirror up to nature."

The nature of the subjects lends itself to panel-shaped compositions in which the tall masts and rigging make attractive patterns against the moving cloud forms. The old hulks of the vessels reflecting in the water and the barrel littered old wharves make telling foils for the towering compositions.

To vary the themes occasionally, the interest is shifted from the vessels to their environment. The old streets and buildings of New Bedford stretching down toward the water in themselves make attractive subjects, and there is the added variety to be found in viewing these wharves and lanes laden with snow. In all these compositions, Mr. Neyland is apt in his introduction of figures.

Some of the pictures in this series are "Whaling Schooner 'A. M. Nicholson'"; "Whaling Barque 'Greyhound'"; "Furled Sails"; "Whaling Barque 'Charles W. Morgan'"; "Purchase Street, New Bedford"; "Whaling Barque 'Bertha'"; "A Blubber Hunter"; and "In Winter Quarters."

In the exhibition, there are two important canvases in which an idealized nude figure is posed in the sunlight against a backing of the sea and cliffs. Also two smaller pictures of horses ploughing are characteristic.

In a series of delicate grays full of mystery and poetry, is the very lovely "Padanaram Landing." This canvas is seen in the "Bridge Room" adjoining the main gallery, where some of the smaller paintings are hung.

Mr. Neyland's Exhibition will be followed by the twenty-eighth annual exhibition of the Providence Water Color Club.

W. ALDEN BROWN.

AT THE
CHICAGO
ART
INSTITUTE

Much enthusiasm is being manifested in the work of arousing interest in the founding of an industrial art school in connection with the Art Institute of

Chicago. Meetings are being held at intervals by representatives of the several trades, with the object of raising funds to push the building and its equipment to completion. Among those holding meetings in January were members of the jewelry trades, the retail furniture dealers, furniture manufacturers, and manufacturers of musical instruments. Early in the month a well-attended meeting was held at the Art Institute under the auspices of the Association of Arts and Industries, which organization is engaged in raising funds for the school. Designers and craftsmen in all the trades mentioned are urgently needed, and it is to educate the younger generation in the arts of design, so that they may fill these positions, that the school is to be founded. When it is realized that there are only two industrial art schools in the United States, while England has thirty-four, Germany fifty-nine and France thirty-eight, it would appear that these efforts are well placed indeed.

The Annual Meeting of the Governing Members of the Art Institute was held on January 8, the vice-president, Mr. Frank G. Logan, presiding in the absence of the president, who at that time was abroad. Mayor Dever was present and made an interesting address. In his official capacity as mayor of Chicago, he is head of the Commission for the Encouragement of Local Art, which commission was established in 1914 upon the recommendation of Mayor Carter H. Harrison, at whose suggestion the Chicago City Council became a patron of art and set aside a certain sum each year for the purchase of the works of local artists. This sum has varied from \$5,000 to \$1,000 each year since 1914, and the city has acquired 117 paintings during that time. These works are hung in the public schools and in the municipal buildings. Mayor Dever expressed himself as of the opinion that this annual appropriation was altogether inadequate, and expressed the hope that it may be increased so that all of the schools of the city may be supplied with the cultural influences of good paintings.

At this meeting Mr. Robert B. Harshe, director of the Art Institute, gave an interesting account of the museum's progress during the past year, which in the matter of physical growth surpassed that of any other year. He said: "The new grounds of the museum cover an area east of the Illinois Central tracks of 845 feet north and south, occupying the space between Monroe Street and Jackson Boulevard, and having an average width of 245 feet. In this area, which the trustees have named the Hutchinson Wing, in honor of Charles L. Hutchinson, the Alexander McKinlock Memorial Court is approaching completion. Galleries in the north of the Hutchinson Wing which have been installed consist of the new Mr. and Mrs. John G. Shedd Gallery, the three galleries of the Antiquarian Society, and five galleries of Chinese and Japanese art. Galleries adjoining on the south, which are approaching completion, will contain splendid examples of period rooms of past centuries.

In the excavated area at Monroe Street a theatre is planned, to be known as the Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Memorial Theatre, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. William O. Goodman. It will be made a department of the school and is to be devoted to Dramatic Art. In the area already excavated adjoining Jackson Boulevard, it is planned to build the new School of Industrial Art.

The Annual Budget of the Art Institute amounts to about \$600,000. Economies of administration during the year wiped out the deficit of \$45,000 left from the previous year. The Life Membership Endowment fund has been increased from \$473,300 to \$527,300. There are now 13,000 members of the Institute. The Hutchinson Wing has been built through subscriptions made by friends of the Art Institute and of its esteemed president, Charles L. Hutchinson, the total amount subscribed being \$1,143,050. In addition, subscriptions for the Children's Museum now amount to \$6,859.

Among the most notable of the recent acquisitions of the Art Institute are the two studies for the Pantheon decorations by Puvis de Chavannes, which form a valuable addition to the group of this artist's work which the Museum already owned. The two new pictures are "The

Meeting of St. Genevieve and St. Germain" and "The Frieze of French Saints."

A powerful German police dog has recently been added to the guard force of the Art Institute. He is less than a year old, of registered pedigree, and is being taught to faithfully guard the treasures of the museum.

During the past year the Institute sold more than two hundred thousand post cards, thirteen thousand colored reproductions of various sizes and fourteen hundred framed reproductions, all of which were made from paintings and objects in its galleries.

The record of attendance at the Art Institute during the year 1923 showed an increase of 30,000 visitors over the preceding year. Visitors to the Museum during 1923 numbered 996,648.

Miss Blanche R. Sanford, ART HELPS FOR of the Potsdam State Normal School, has prepared a NEW YORK list of paintings, all of STATE SCHOOLS which are available to teachers in New York State, in the form of lantern slides, through the Visual Instruction Division of the University of the State of New York. The list has been sent to about 800 teachers and supervisors of art, and it will be sent to others on request. Nothing is quite as effective for class instruction as a screen picture, especially when as in paintings such objective facts as form, composition and color are to be studied. It is urged that classroom equipment for using these and other slides be secured as soon as possible. It should scarcely be necessary to call attention to the fact that the teacher of art needs a lantern even more than the teacher of physics. To develop real art appreciation many examples of art need to be presented and closely observed.

Attention is called in the circular letter accompanying the list to the availability also in the form of photographs of all subjects contained in the list. It will often be found advantageous to use the slides for class presentation followed by the use of photographs displayed on a bulletin board or reading table for study by the pupils individually. It is hoped that the list will materially assist art teachers in conducting instruction in the appreciation of art in the grades and in the high school. Books on

art appreciation are also available to schools through the Division of Library Extension. These advantages are extended only within the boundaries of the State of New York.

ART IN
CLEVELAND

An interesting exhibition of works by contemporary American water colorists was held during January at the Cleveland Museum of Art. Among the artists represented in this exhibition were Dwight Blaney, Childre Hassam, Albert Sterner, Gifford Beal, Bryson Burroughs, Herman Dudley Murphy, Charles H. Woodbury, Frank W. Benson, William Ritschel, Paul Dougherty, Charles W. Hopkinson, Dodge MacKnight, Joseph Pennell, John S. Sargent, and others equally well known.

The Museum purchased from the exhibition a flower study by Charles DeMuth and has hung in the gallery another recent purchase, the water color entitled "The Buccaneers," which was one of the pictures painted by Winslow Homer in 1885 or 1886 during his eventful visit to the Bahamas.

The Cleveland Museum has also recently received from Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King the remainder of their collection of Whistler etchings and lithographs, a large part of which was presented to the Museum last spring. At that time Mr. and Mrs. King gave sixty-four Whistler etchings and fifteen lithographs. The new gift consists of twenty-three etchings, a pen-and-ink drawing, forty-three lithographs and a splendid collection of Whistleriana—in all ninety-one items. The Museum is to be congratulated upon the accession of this collection, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Severance, the donors of the Museum's armor collection, have recently added to it three important pieces—suits of armor for a knight and his horse, the body armor and helmet of an English pikeman, and the chain mail, helmet and sword of an Italian knight or possibly of a crusader. This collection has been regarded as one of the finest in America, and the present additions have broadened its scope by adding suits of armor both earlier and later than were previously included.

Among the recent bequests to the Museum is a fund of \$50,000 from the estate of L. E.

Holden, one-half of the income of which is to be used for the care and development of the Holden Collection, and the other half for lectures and instruction in outdoor art.

The Cleveland Museum of Art is among those most actively engaged in the instruction and entertainment of children in matters pertaining to art. On Saturday afternoons during January and February it conducted a series of entertainments for young people, which were given in the Lecture Hall of the Museum free to the public. Two of these entertainments were musical, three were in the form of plays given by pupils of local high schools, and three were stories, or lectures, one by Mr. Henry Turner Bailey of the Educational Department of the Museum, others by Dr. T. Wingate Todd and Dr. Frank E. Bunts.

AMERICAN
ACADEMY
IN ROME

In a letter dated Rome, January 1, Prof. Fairbanks, in charge of the School of Fine Arts, informed Mr. C. Grant La Farge, secretary of the American Academy in Rome, that Hafner, senior fellowship holder in architecture, "has been invited to assist in restoring some of the figures from the model of the dome of St. Peter's that formerly crowned the buttresses for the original scheme. Thirty-four fragments were found of the two missing figures. All of these fragments were sifted from a pile of rubbish that was not permitted to be removed from the garret in which they lay until a systematical search could be completed. The figures which had evidently been modelled in clay on the model by an assistant under the guidance of Michelangelo were afterwards baked, so that in breaking they had fairly clean and smooth surfaces. Except for two or three tiny pieces, the newly restored figures now complete the group of statuettes that originally filled the eight spaces on the model. At the same time that these fragments for the statuettes of the dome were being salvaged, Hafner found quantities of other architectural details, caps, mouldings, balusters, window jambs, etc., of other models such as the Sacristy of St. Peter's, Bernini's Colonnade, the Obelisk in the Piazza of St. Peter's, with the engineering scheme for its erection, a scheme for the lifting into place of the bells of the great



THE WANDERER—A PAINTING

CLIFFORD ASILEY

SHOWN IN A RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE VANDYCK GALLERIES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

church, etc. Although he is at present working in another room, where there is, among others, a model by San Gallo, he has been invited to help in coordinating additional fragments of models in other sections of the Vatican."

The director of the Academy, Mr. Gorham P. Stevens, reports under the same date that "the registration has increased by two in the School of Fine Arts, and by one in the School of Classical Studies, making the total registration forty-eight," and tells that "Prof. Lamond has held an educational concert at the Villa Chiaraviglio, at which the Rose quartette of Vienna performed. Sowerby was at the piano, and played beautifully. The composer from the Spanish Academy was present, and a large num-

ber of Italian composers attended." He says also that "composer Hanson left Rome day before yesterday for New York City, where a long symphony of his is to be produced on February 3 by the New York Symphony Orchestra. The same symphony is to be given later in London under the direction of Albert Coates. Prof. Lamond has been made an Honorary Member of the Santa Cecilia Society, which is a great honor both to him and to the Academy. He richly merits this mark of distinction."

PARIS NOTES

The Black and White Exhibition at the American Women's Club has been a great success. The committee was able to procure a few precious prints by Whistler

and Lepere, and also several Raffaellis which are daily becoming more rare and selling at high prices. Raffaelli, now an old man and feeble, was one of that great group which in the last quarter of the nineteenth century upset the academic art traditions. It is almost impossible today to find on the market color prints of his friendly little donkey and important dog against the winding road, that, like a ribbon of satin, leads past straggling suburbs toward a sky likewise lustrous of surface.

Robert Logan's etchings of impressive French monuments, the Cathedral series, the view of Chantilly, the Pont Saint Marie, and the Paris street scenes, have trebled in value since his last exhibition, for his work, honest, virile, and imposing, has been fully appreciated this year in America.

Louis Orr, the celebrated American etcher, and Frank Armington, the admirable Canadian artist, have sent several of their well-known interpretations of European scenes. By their accurate drawing and effective values, both are able to present architectural masses with vigor and charm. And yet no one could mistake an etching by Orr for one by Armington, each having a decided personality of vision and handling. Webb, a young man still in his early twenties, is rapidly coming to the fore with his Paris scenes, which include the "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe" and the "Saint Chapelle." He aims at effects and suggests, rather than renders, the vast heights of these towering monuments.

Mrs. Frank Armington is represented by her delightful interpretations of life along the Seine, of the old quarters of Paris, and of other interesting French towns. Barber, a young man of the Autumn Salon Group, is exhibiting this year for the first time in Paris. His interesting presentation of daily life, whimsically seen, is amusingly rendered. Another young man, E. Scott, seems to be making a specialty of courtyards, interestingly expressed with an economy of lines. The well-known etcher, Heintzelman, has sent several prints, including his exquisite drypoint, "Mother and Child." He had an excellent and successful exhibition in November. His work, full of distinction and poetic charm, was appreciated by the French.

Among the French etchers who are showing is Brouet, one of the most interesting of the modern men. He is especially interesting in his *poilu* series, where the soldier in tight-fitting helmet is seen in the many occupations of daily life behind the trenches. This series, very firm in line yet sensitive, marked by a delightful feeling of *chiaroscuro*, that suggests Rembrandt, though far different, is already highly prized by amateurs and will undoubtedly soon be exhausted. Other Frenchmen are Coussens with his delightful colored etchings, "The Gipsy Caravan" and Paris Street Scenes; and Gobo with his strong decorative pictures of Brittany, including the very fine "Street Scene at Dinan" and "The Courtyard." Edouard Lèon has glimpsed the Cathedral of Notre Dame through the softening sprays of foliage and has made some satisfactory compositions. Sarasin, not yet so well known as some of the etchers, has a vigorous and decorative handling. G. Jouez with his pictorial effects of Paris from Cathedral turrets and from the bridges of the Seine, with his surety of touch, and above all his aerial perspective, is one of the most interesting of the modern men. He has also a nice sense of the medium he is handling. F. Simon, sometimes spoken of as "Simon of Prague" because of his interesting views of that city which have become very popular, is today one of the most sought after of the Parisian etchers. He exhibits not only French scenes but etchings made in Spain and Italy, his Venetian series being especially nice.

The great Besnard, today director of the Beaux Arts and formerly head of the Ecole de Rome, considered by some to be the best brushman and the greatest living decorator of France, has sent a study of a nude as supple in form as the nudes of his freely painted large canvases.

Among the many Paris exhibitions several have been devoted to Americans. At the Gallerie Durand-Ruel was a collection, modern in spirit, sent over from the States representing the work of Charles Demuth, Walter Kuhn, H. E. Schnackenberg, Charles Sheeler, Eugene Speicher, Allan Tucker, and Nan Watson.

E. H. Brewster and Achsah Barlow Brewster showed at the Gallerie Chéron an interesting collection of decorative panels.

mystical in subject and unusual in treatment. Most of the canvases were large and simply filled with broad washes, mainly flat with but slight modelling. The panels by E. H. Brewster, especially, while holding to flat surfaces, had a remarkable sense of values, the light and the plains being ably sustained. There is in both a suggestion of the imagination of Aubrey Beardsley and the decorative sense of Gauguin, but the subjects are different and the color is bright and clear. At the Gallerie Panardi Cecil Howard has some sculpture, archaic in simplicity but expressive in line. The Bernheine-Jeune Gallerie has been running the modern artists in a series of three exhibitions, where all the Autumn Salon men, and many newcomers, have exhibited, including Marquet, Fougita, Matisse, Utrillo, and Vlaminck.

FLORENCE HEYWOOD.

LONDON Politics and Art have been
NOTES said to have no relation;
 but the profound changes
 going on constitutionally in
the Mother of Parliaments means great
changes in the country and in the public.
By the time this appears in print the Labor
Government will be in power—and perhaps
even on the wane, since new elections are
prophesied for April or May. At the time
of writing, however, a new force has come
into power; one which will alter the mind of
the public considerably, even if it does not
alter the weight of the pockets of art buyers
and bring a new class of consumers of art to
the front.

The *New Weekly Leader*, official weekly of the Independent Labor Party, has for some time been publishing extraordinarily good woodcuts, such as no weekly of the old order has used, thus showing that labor circles can appreciate the best kind of art.

Twelve members of the new Parliament, not necessarily all of the same party, are pledged to help the National Federation of Professional Workers, which represents half a million people and which supports and takes part in the Joint Organizing Council of the British Confederation of Arts. These bodies took part in the recent International Confederation of Intellectual Workers at its second Congress at the Sorbonne in Paris,

and that meeting represented two million of such workers, including artists, in Europe.

Simultaneously with all this new movement yet another of the fashionable Bond Street art galleries—the Grosvenor—has shut down.

Further changes and coordination may be the outcome of the British Empire Exhibition, the most important ever held in London, which opens to the public in April and remains open for six months. These events will have a greater influence on art than any of the art exhibitions held in commercial or private galleries. Meanwhile the commercialization of art has gone to its limit. In Paris the dealers set the fashion in art as they do in dress, and what is written in the paid press of Paris influences the unpaid press of Britain and America in such a way that any artist who is not in the fashion of the moment finds it difficult, if not impossible, to obtain recognition. On the other hand, many artists who are in the fashion get more praise than their work deserves.

More alive than most other forms of art is modern architecture in Britain, and the architects are fully aware of the changes on foot; they are awakening to the need for reorganization of the arts and have proposed to hold an exhibition of architecture and all its related arts and crafts, thus reverting to the ancient and mediaeval attitude by which the builder employed the other arts to complete and decorate his building.

Architects here have a fine press, and those who wish to keep in touch with the thoughts of the day should read the *Builder*, the *Architect's Journal*, *The Architect*, the *Townplanning Review*, and *Architecture*.

The British Confederation of Arts hopes, as a result of the International Congress above referred to, to be instrumental in getting a law passed here which has already come into force in France and Belgium; this law provides that every time a work of art changes hands in a public sale the artist or his descendants shall receive a percentage on the sale. This is a part of the campaign of the Confederation for the recognition of the moral right of an artist in the property he creates, which, owing to the General Secretary of the Confederation having laid the matter before the League of Nations,

has been adopted by the League, which has asked all the governments in its organization to make a special study of this and other related problems concerning the rights of artistic and scientific workers.

To come to more personal matters: At the Royal Institution, Walter Sickert has been giving a series of three lectures entitled "Straws from Cumberland Market"; he is one of the few fashionable artists to live among the poorest classes, and he has always made his home when in England, away from Mayfair and right in the east end where he has found the subjects of so much of his best work.

At the Arts League of Service, Eugene Goossens gave a lecture on Forms in Contemporary Music. He lectures as well as he conducts, which is saying a great deal; and in the course of his eloquent address he summed up the position of music and painting, which he said had come to an *impasse*, since it was not conceivable that additions could be made for some time to come to the technical developments and experiments of this generation which have reached their capacity for progress. He said we now await the coming of a genius who will melt down for his use all that has been discovered, and produce works of lasting value, as did Leonardo, Shakespeare, Beethoven and Wagner.

AMELIA DEFRIES.

A NEW WING
FOR THE
TOLEDO ART
MUSEUM

President Edward D. Libbey, of the Toledo Museum of Art, has announced to the trustees his gift of \$850,000 for the purpose of constructing

an addition to the present museum building, which will more than double its size. The new structure will provide fourteen additional galleries together with two large auditoriums, a Gothic gallery, a free art reference library to house 15,000 books, together with adequate classrooms for the Museum School of Design to accommodate 1,000 students, new administrative offices, printing and photographing plants, lunch room and workshops.

The architects of the present building, E. B. Green and Sons of Buffalo, have prepared plans for the new addition which will

be 120 by 200 feet in area, and it will be constructed of Vermont marble. The new galleries will house collections of painting, sculpture, Oriental, Egyptian and classical art, ceramics, glass, prints, textiles and rare books.

The Toledo Museum of Art was incorporated in 1901 at which time Mr. Libbey was elected president. The present building was erected in 1912. At various times President Libbey has contributed large sums to the building endowment funds which have been augmented by numerous smaller subscriptions from citizens in general. This latest generous gift of President Libbey will provide adequate space and equipment for the carrying on of the many educational activities which have been inaugurated by the Museum. The work of construction will commence at once.

ART IN
WASHINGTON

An exhibition of paintings and sculpture by two distinguished Russian artists, Saverly Sorin and Seraphim Soudbinin, was held at the National Gallery of Art, National Museum, during January, and proved an event of unusual interest and note.

The paintings by M. Sorin were all portrait studies and were quite different from the works one generally sees in current exhibitions. They were done in a combination of water color and tempera on paper which had linen as its foundation, and in most instances the white background was left untinted. One of the most masterly of the works shown was of a woman, with simple headdress, which was almost in monotint, but intensely characterful and exquisitely drawn. The Luxembourg in Paris offered to purchase this picture despite the fact that it already owns the portrait of Pavlowa by the same artist, but M. Sorin, feeling it to be his masterpiece, does not wish to sell it. It has a tragic history. Together with another portrait by the same artist it fell into the hands of the bolsheviks and was mutilated. Being recovered by the artist, it suffered shipwreck and was for more than an hour soaked by water when rescued. Another portrait in the exhibition which had shared a similar fate was that of Prince Obolensky, a member of the white army, which was used as an

identification in his search. Being unsuccessful it was slashed and the artist bought it back after a considerable time from a soldier in the red army. Among the other portraits shown in this collection were those of the Duchess of York, the great Russian dramatist, Litovzev, Lady Betty, formerly Miss Field of Chicago, Leon Chestov, the Russian philosopher, and Marcella Curzon. Two very interesting recent American portraits were those of Mrs. Otto H. Kahn of New York, and her daughter, Miss Margaret Kahn.

With these paintings were shown the no less interesting works in sculpture of the painter's compatriot, Seraphim Soudbinin, who was for some years a pupil of Rodin and later his assistant. Among the most notable of these works was a superb portrait head of Rodin, done with great force in the manner of the master himself; a beautiful head of "Diana," in marble, and a head of an old Roman, in black and gold. In abrupt contrast with these works in marble and bronze were sculptures in wood and lacquer, of a distinctly so-called modernistic type, representing among other subjects, "Maternity," "Resurrection," "The Annunciation," extraordinarily decorative works, but distinctly archaic in character. And in direct contrast to these works were shown portrait studies, lately completed, of John Barrymore as "Hamlet," of Senator Medill McCormick and John Jay Chapman, the last three speaking a language which was vigorous and masterful, but as compared with the other works, a little commonplace. Thus was demonstrated the sculptor's amazing versatility.

At the Freer Gallery, in the rooms wherein have been shown since the opening of the gallery paintings by Thayer, Dewing, Troyon and other American artists, there has recently been exhibited a remarkable collection of etchings and lithographs by James McNeill Whistler. Among the etchings shown were two inscribed to the etcher's mother in his own handwriting and with his own signature. There was also a very beautiful etching of his mother, a full length, showing her stepping toward the observer; and a number of portrait etchings, such, for example, as the famous "Becquet" and the scarcely less famous "Drouet," "Axenfeld" and "Riault." This exhibition



THE ANGEL OF THE APOCALYPSE
BY SERAPHIM SOUDBININ

also included a number of the London series of this master's etchings, among them "The Black Lion Wharf," which, in the opinion of Joseph Pennell, has never been approached by any other etcher. There were also examples from the Brussels series, and the Venetian etchings.

Another exhibition of more than ordinary interest was that held early in February of works by Clifford Ashley, of New Bedford, Mass. The collection was shown at the new Vandyck Galleries on Connecticut Avenue, and comprised twenty-five works by this distinguished artist. Many of these paintings represented scenes along the New Bedford water front, which was one of the great centers of the whaling industry, showing the handsome old square-rigged vessels, now obsolete, but studied by the painter from models and from old prints;

also the ships which the whalers met with on the high seas. They also pictured, in one or two instances, tropic lands—the Indies, which played so important a part in the maritime life of New England in the early days.

Clifford Ashley was a pupil of Howard Pyle, one of the greatest illustrators and perhaps the greatest teacher of illustration that America has produced. Mr. Pyle was not only a painter and illustrator but a writer and historian, and always directed the attention of his students to the rich field of American history as material for illustration and decoration. Thus it may be understood that in making a specialty of whaling pictures Clifford Ashley has followed his early teaching.

It is interesting to know that at the recent Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Art held at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, sales were made amounting to over \$60,000.

The Carnegie Institute, DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN VISITORS Pittsburgh, has announced the selection of the European members of the Jury of Award for its Twenty-Third International Exhibition, to be held during the coming spring and summer months. They are Paul Albert Besnard, Director of L'Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris; and Alfred J. Munnings, a noted English painter. M. Besnard is well known as a portrait painter and as an etcher. His portrait of Senator Clark is familiar to many in this country. For a number of years he was Director of the French Academy in Rome, and on the death of Leon Bonnat in 1922 he was called to his present position. He has been represented in many of the Carnegie Institute's International Exhibitions, and is represented in the Institute's permanent collection by a painting entitled "The Willows," purchased from one of the most recent of these exhibits.

Alfred J. Munnings, the English member of the jury, is a painter of domestic animals, particularly of horses, and is best known as a painter of the hunt and the race-meeting. He has to his credit a number of notable hunting pictures, and forty-five war pictures commissioned by the Canadian Government, painted while he was attached to the Canadian Forestry in France in 1917-18.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE Wiyeast Club of Hood River, Oregon, the object of which is to stimulate interest in and use of the scenic and recreational resources of the Mt. Hood Region, sends the editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART the following interesting letter indicative of a recognition of art as the highest and most permanent form of expression. Wiyeast, by the way, is the old Indian name for Mt. Hood.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE

AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART:

What is the highest form of artistic expression? Can you help the Wiyeast Club answer that question?

We are devoting a large part of our efforts to the work of exploiting the beauties of Eden Park, a newly discovered mountain park at the northwest base of Mt. Hood. We firmly believe that it is one of the supreme examples of scenic beauty in America, and we want the world to know more about it. We are now considering offering an annual prize or a series of prizes for some expression in art of the beauties and grandeur of this park scenery. But we are undecided whether this expression can best be made in terms of music, paints and canvas, photography, literary art, or perhaps some combination of the various forms.

We want all the professional advice that we can get on the subject, and shall appreciate your views or those of your readers. Eden Park has a unity and individuality about it which impresses itself on those who sojourn there for a few days. It is not so large that the mind is unable to grasp it all, and a camera lens can easily transfer this impression of unity to paper. We shall be greatly obliged for your assistance with this problem.

C. E. GRAVES, *Secretary*.

The President of the Western Washington Fair, which for two successive years has had exhibitions from the American Federation of Arts and is now proposing to erect a special building for exhibition purposes, writes the following interesting letter describing conditions that will undoubtedly be of interest to all of our readers:

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS:

I am very thankful for your letter of the 7th in reference to the possibility of the Western Washington Fair constructing a more suitable building for our Art Department.

So that you may appreciate our Fair conditions, it would be well to call your attention to the fact that a large percentage of the pictures that are brought to the Fair for exhibition purposes are not of the very best class. In fact, the Fair would be much better off if the majority of them

were left at home, but no Fair can render the best service to the entire community without encouraging the weak as well as the strong. Some boy or girl who desires to exhibit a mighty poor painting at the Fair of 1924 might, with proper encouragement, be able to bring for the Fair of 1926 a painting really worth while. This means that the Western Washington Fair should probably have three rooms in which to exhibit works of art and so-called works of art. In one of these rooms we could hang paintings and sketches brought to the Fair by amateurs, one of the other rooms could be utilized for oil paintings, and the third room for water colors and etchings.

You can appreciate that a very large majority of our people have not sufficient means to visit the famous art galleries so as to enjoy high class paintings, but if the Western Washington Fair and other fairs of the northwest can bring to this class of citizens each year a few of the very desirable paintings it would certainly be helpful from an educational standpoint. What a fine opportunity the American Federation of Arts presents to communities like ours to enable the poorest citizens of the community to enjoy the best that there is. Of course, we desire to show the cow that can produce the greatest pounds of milk in a year and the horse that can turn over the most ground with a plow in twenty-four hours, but mother and the girls are also entitled to enjoy something besides washing the dishes three times a day and serving ham and eggs to father and the boys. A well conducted Fair helps take the place necessary to extend to the farmer's family such opportunities.

* * * *

You must bear in mind that our Fair Association has but \$2,600 capital. We have neither county nor state support, and under such conditions it is exceedingly embarrassing to erect or even think of erecting suitable buildings for the display of such paintings as are available.

* * * *

Very truly yours,

W. H. PAULHAMUS, *President.*

Here is a letter addressed specifically to the residents of New York but equally applicable to those in other states:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE

AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART:

Having constrained myself until after Christmas so as not to be classed in the odious rank of the reformer or hurt anyone's legitimate or honest business, I appeal to the intelligent and nature-loving people of New York whose recent answer to the Adirondack grab, the attempt to forever destroy the virgin forest, was defeated by a sweeping victory at the polls, when on November 6, 1923, the hosts of that great and free outdoor army swept aside the despoilers and vandals of our lakes and waterways by an overwhelming defeat. Friends of the woods, those who love the forest, where you get health for the asking, a peace money cannot buy, and a quiet only the

lovers of landscape know, do you realize the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association has estimated 10,000,000 evergreens fell this year, all on account of a certain ancient Teuton custom practiced by the people themselves which, if allowed to continue, the beauty of the countryside is fast to disappear; that the forests are being systematically sacked year by year until almost all those noble and stately specimens that characterize the American landscape are being hacked down to shine only in temporal glory for a feast on Christmas Day. It is not the object of this writing to prohibit the tree as a thing of joy for the little ones, but cannot a replica or artificial spruce be substituted? The mistletoe is almost extinct; holly is becoming very difficult to find. At Christmas Day, I sat at dinner by a huge and stately cedar, which was rammed into an imposing room just a bit too small for this magnificent specimen. Its apex broken, it bowed, looked as if in disgust at the 10 cent store junk with which they had adorned it. I pictured how its imposing silhouette once graced the hillside at sundown; how its branches danced and played across the snow in the moonlight; how its shadow gave relief and balm to a weary traveller. An efficient national government, realizing the vast and wanton destruction of nature in the east, has created a Lafayette National Park on the Island of Mount Desert, Maine. Here at least the virgin evergreens will be protected for posterity, when these rare and giant specimens will be extinct elsewhere." . . .

The writer of this letter, Mr. Frederick K. Detwiller, further suggests that a certain park property in New York City coveted for building purposes shall be planted as a small forest of evergreens. "Let the children of the poor," he says, "have these trees for nothing, decorate them if you will, on Christmas Day, right where they stand and grow. Let them learn to know that Nature is sacred, and something to be respected; get the foresters from Maine and Michigan into the park; plant trees everywhere possible."

Frederick J. Waugh, the well-known painter of marine subjects, is at present engaged in the production of three mural paintings for the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company. Two of these paintings are of Niagara Falls, and are about 8 by 10 feet upright. The other, which is taller, is of old Buffalo Harbor.

Mr. Waugh is spending the winter in Provincetown, Massachusetts, where he is occupying the studio of Mr. George Elmer Browne. He has working with him Mr. J. Floyd Clymer, one of the younger artists.



Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries

THE LADY WITH THE ROSE—MY SISTER

BY

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

SARGENT EXHIBITION, GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES, NEW YORK

LENT BY MRS. HADDEN